

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1355.—May 21, 1870.

CONTENTS.

1. THE ENGLISH BIBLE,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	451
2. AGAINST TIME. Part VII.,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	474
3. A SUB-WAY IN CENTRAL AFRICA,	<i>Athenæum</i> ,	493
4. THE PARSON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS SHOWN IN FICTION,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	494
5. THE CRISIS IN FRANCE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	497
6. PHILOSOPHERS AT PLAY,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	498
7. MADAME VIGEE LE BRUN,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	502
8. THE POET MOORE AND HIS WIFE,	<i>Belgravia</i> ,	504
9. LITERATI AND LITERATULI,	<i>Britannia</i> ,	505
10. THE END OF THE PARAGUAYAN EXPERIMENT,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	506
11. ROME IN WINTER,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	508

POETRY.

RETROSUM,	450	FIRST BLOOD,	492
TO APRIL,	473	UNTIL THE DAY BREAK,	512

SHORT ARTICLES.

BRAGGARTS AND THEIR MONEY,	473	ELEPHANT PLOUGHS,	492
WOMEN IN RUSSIAN MEDICAL SCHOOLS,	473		

JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE:

CLEMENCE D'ORVILLE; or, From the Palace to the Steppe. A Novel of Russian High Life. And CLELIA, from Family Papers. Translated for, and first published in America in, THE LIVING AGE. One vol., price 38 cents.

NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabbreviated, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

From Fraser's Magazine.

RETROSUM

THE dreary fen from edge to edge
Is barren, blank, and sere,
The hoar-frost stiffens in the sedge,
There's ice about the mere,
The woodcock in the moonlit night
Comes fitting o'er the sea :
What is this phantom, pale and bright,
That walks with me ?

Her eyes are sad, her touch is chill,
Her voice is soft and low,
Her face is very fair, and still
Her face is vexed with woe :
She turns her head from side to side,
And ever looks she back,
Like one who seeks a missing guide,
Lost on the track.

She lays her quiet hand on mine,
It freezes to the bone;
Quoth she — " I need nor mark nor sign
To stamp thee for mine own.
Through good and ill, by board and bed,
With me thy lot is cast,
Whom thou hast loved — whom thou hast wed:
I am the Past.

" Fair is the Future's shadowy grace;
She flaunts a tempting prize,
And through the veil that dims her face,
There's promise in her eyes.
I fear her not — I court the strife,
Poor rival must she be,
When all the best of all thy life
Is linked to me.

" The Present, like a lavish dame,
Invites thee to her arms,
And looks and laughs, and bids thee claim
Her favour and her charms.
That breathing form in act to clasp,
Oh! woman to the core!
She melts to nothing in thy grasp,
A dream — no more.

" But I am faithful, real, and true,
From me thou shalt not part;
My wreath of rosemary and rue
I've wound about thy heart.
I fill thy being, sense and brain,
Mine while thou drawest breath;
Mine, by the sacrament of Pain,
Even in death!

" Because in life thou didst refuse
To flinch beneath the goad;
Because thy constancy could choose
The labour and the load;
Because, like one who scorns defeat
And falls upon his sword,
Thou didst elect thy fate to meet;
Have thy reward.

" Accept the wages, count the cost —
The toil against the gain :
Some bitter in the sweet is lost
If love be twined with pain;
If sorrow like a summer's night
Reflect with tender ray
The memory of a vanished light
That once was day.

" Have thy reward : I am thy mate,
Nor wouldst thou barter me
For all that fancy could create,
For all that fact could be.
Hereafter in the eternal sphere
Where endless ages roll,
Thine by the bond that bound us here,
Bride of thy soul.

" Did I not wring from out thy core
The dross of earthly leaven ?
Assign the task, and teach the lore
That finds a path to heaven ?
Point where the gate of Mercy stands
Beyond the narrow way,
And force thee down with loving hands,
To kneel and pray ?

" Beneath that moonshine calm and cold,
Look outward o'er the sea,
Where shoots a trailing star, — behold
Thy progress but for me !
An upward flash, a feeble light,
A fleeting, flickering spark,
A little gleam — a downward flight,
Lost in the dark.

" Quenched by a false and godless glare
I nursed the sacred flame,
Cleansed it with penitence and prayer
From taint of sin and shame.
Now perfect, purified and bright
This marriage-torch shall cheer
Our watches through the lingering night
Till dawn appear.

" Then call me by what name thou wilt,
Remembrance, or Regret,
Remembrance, or Remorse for guilt,
But clasp me closer yet.
Mine is the staff thy steps to stay,
The hand to hold thee fast,
And mine the lamp that lights the way
To Heaven at last."

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

MR. DISRAELI has written a new novel,
called "Lothair," which was published by
Messrs. Longmans & Co., on the 2nd of May.

M. LENORMANT read a paper at the Académie
des Sciences last week in favour of a theory,
based upon philological data, that the horse is
of Asiatic and the ass of African origin.

From the Quarterly Review.
THE ENGLISH BIBLE.*

It is not creditable to the scholarship of this country that, until within the last few years, so little was done towards a thorough investigation of the external history of the English Bible, and that its internal history was suffered to remain almost unknown. It could not have been that the subject was devoid of interest or importance. To the Bible we owe most that ennobles us; and the story of our English Version is interwoven with the rise and progress of our civil and religious liberties, and with the establishment and consolidation of our Protestant Constitution. It is intimately associated also with the lives and labours of the greatest and best of England's worthies. Patriotism, apart from other considerations, ought to have made the history of the Book dear to us; and it is almost a national reproach that it has been so long neglected, and that even yet, in the works of our standard modern historians, such as Hallam and Froude, blunders are perpetuated on points which ought to be familiar to every educated Englishman. We are glad, therefore, to welcome the advent of a new era, and to give our meed of praise to Canon Westcott, and to the learned editors of Wycliffe's Bible, who have so propitiously opened the way for what we trust will eventually prove a complete elucidation of the origin and history of the English translations of the Bible, and a systematic critical examination of the sources, claims, and defects, of our Authorized Version, with a special view to a judicious and scholarly revision.

The earliest notice hitherto discovered of a translation of any portion of the Sacred Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon is in the seventh century. Towards the close of that century there lived in the Convent of

Streaneshalch (Whitby) a monk called Cædmon, the father of English poetry. He exercised his poetical powers chiefly in composing a version of the narratives of the creation, the Exodus, and the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord.* The poem has nothing of the character of an accurate translation, though a few detached passages of Scripture are rendered with tolerable fidelity. About the same period, or perhaps a few years later, Guthlac, or Gurthlake, the first Saxon Anchorite, wrote a Version of the "Psalms" in Anglo-Saxon, which, it has been conjectured, is that found between the lines of a very ancient Roman "Psalter" now among the Cottonian Manuscripts of the British Museum.† Baber says of the MS. that, "it has well-grounded pretension to be one of the books which Pope Gregory the Great sent to Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury, soon after his arrival in England."‡ The fact that it is a Roman "Psalter" confirms this view; for, while the Roman was introduced in Canterbury, the Gallican was used in other parts of England.

About the year 706, Aldhelm, § Bishop of Sherborn, translated the "Psalter." He was among the first of the Saxon ecclesiastics who was distinguished for learning. In his treatise "De Laudibus Virginitatis" he praises certain nuns for their daily study of the Holy Scriptures, a fact which seems to indicate that there was then extant a vernacular translation of the Bible. "The Anglo-Saxon version, discovered in the Royal Library at Paris about the beginning of the present century, has been supposed to be, at least in part, Aldhelm's production. The first fifty Psalms are in prose, the others in verse."||

* Bede, "Hist. Ec." xxiv. A manuscript of the poem was given by Archbishop Usher to Francis Junius, a learned Dutchman, who published it at Amsterdam in 1655. A new edition was printed in 1892, under the editorial care of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe.

† Vesp. A. 1. It was edited for the Surtees Society by Rev. J. Stevenson, in the "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter." 1843.

‡ Account of the Saxon and English Versions of the Scriptures, prefixed to Wycliffe's "New Testament," p. lviii.

§ Also written Adhelm and Ealdhelm. He was educated in Kent, under Adrian, the emissary of the Pontiff Vitalian, and was for a time Abbot of Malmesbury.

|| Wycliffe's "Bible," Preface, p. 1. This interest-

* 1. *A General View of the History of the English Bible.* By Brooke Foss Westcott, B.D., &c. London and Cambridge, 1868.

2. *The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books: in the Earliest English Versions made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers.* Edited by the Rev. J. Forshall, F.R.S., &c., and Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., &c. Oxford, 1850.

3. *On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connexion with some recent Proposals for its Revision.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London, 1859.

Twenty-six years after the death of Aldhelm the Venerable Bede translated another portion of Scripture into his native language. The story of its completion is told by St. Cuthbert. At that period there stood on the south bank of the Tyne, a little to the west of the modern town of South Shields, a monastery called *Jarrow*. The surrounding country was then thinly peopled. The river flowed silently between wooded banks and long reaches of moorland, past the towers of the Roman Wall and the cliffs of Tynemouth. On the evening of the 26th of May, 735 — Ascension Day, as St. Cuthbert informs us — an unusual stillness pervaded the sacred retreat. The monks spoke in anxious whispers. On a low bed in one of the cells lay an aged priest. His wasted frame and sunken eye told that death was near. His breathing was slow and laboured. Near him sat a young scribe, with an open scroll and a pen in his hand. Looking with affectionate tenderness in the face of the dying man, he said, "Now, dearest Master, there remains only one chapter; but the exertion is too great for you." "It is easy, my son, it is easy," he replied; "take your pen, write quickly; I know not how soon my Maker will take me." Sentence after sentence was uttered in feeble accents, and written by the scribe. Again there was a long pause. Nature seemed exhausted. Again the boy spoke: — "Dear Master, only one sentence is wanting." It, too, was pronounced slowly and painfully. "It is finished," said the scribe. "It is finished," repeated the dying saint; and then added: "Lift up my head. Place me in the spot where I have been accustomed to pray." With tender care he was placed as he desired. Then, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward, he exclaimed, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and with the last word his spirit passed away. Thus died the Venerable Bede; and thus was completed the first Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospel of St. John.*

Bede also translated the Lord's Prayer,

ing relic of Anglo-Saxon literature was published at Oxford in 1835, by Mr. Thorpe ("Liber Psalmorum Vers. Ant. Lat.," &c.)

* "Epistle of St. Cuthbert."

and apparently the Psalter, with other select portions of Holy Scripture, to which he added glosses and comments for the use of both clergy and people. None of these works, however, are now extant.

In the ninth century Alfred the Great placed an Anglo-Saxon version of the Ten Commandments, "With such of the Mosaic injunctions in the three following chapters of Exodus, as were most to his purpose", at the head of his Code of Laws. His biographer tells us it was the desire of this good monarch that "All the free-born youth of his kingdom should be able to read the English Scriptures." Towards the close of his reign he began a translation of the Psalms,* but did not live to complete it.†

Among the Cotton Manuscripts in the British Museum‡ is a beautiful Latin copy of the Gospels, called "The Durham Book." It is said to have been written by Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, in the seventh century. Two centuries later, Aldred, a priest, of Holy Isle, added an interlinear Anglo-Saxon version. Another translation of the Gospels, apparently of the same age, and executed in the same way, the Anglo-Saxon words being written between the lines of the Latin text, is in the Bodleian Library, and is called the "Rushworth Gloss."§ It is so named because it was the property of a Mr. Rushworth. At the end of the volume are these words: — "Pray for Owun that this book glossed, and Farnen priest at Harewood." The authors of the version thus give their names, but nothing farther is known of them.

The celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholar Ælfric, who became Abbot of Peterborough in 1004, and Archbishop of York in 1023, translated considerable portions of the Bible, and wrote an abridgement of Old and New Testament history. His Biblical trans-

* Asser, "Life of Alfred"; first published by Archbishop Parker in 1574; reprinted at Oxford, 1722; William of Malmesbury "De Gest. Reg. Angl."

† It may be the same which was published, with the Latin interlinear text, in 1640, by John Spelman, under the title "Psalterium Davidis Latino-Saxon. Vetus." Similar glosses on the Psalter, the Lord's Prayer, the Book of Proverbs, and other portions of Scripture, exist in our public libraries. Some of them were published by the Surtees Society in 1840.

‡ Nero, D. 4.

§ Rushworth, 3946.

lations, including the greater part of the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, Job, Kings, and Esther, were published by Thwaites, from a MS. in the Bodleian, with the title "Heptateuchus, Liber Job," &c., Oxon. 1698.*

The existence of so many different translations, made during one of the darkest periods of our country's history, shows that there must have been some desire on the part of a section of the English people to possess the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue; and that learned ecclesiastics were found willing to gratify them. It does not appear, however, that any of the above works had an extensive circulation. Some were evidently prepared for private use; others, perhaps, for a little circle of friends and associates; others for instruction in the public service of the church. To the people at large they were little known, and they had, therefore, little influence on the national mind. It is greatly to be regretted that our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon translations should still be so very imperfect. No critical examination of the numerous and interesting Manuscripts contained in our public libraries has yet been made. The authorship and age of some of the most important are doubtful. Even over the life of Ælfric much obscurity is thrown, owing to his being so generally confounded with Alfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1005. The Preface to Wycliffe's Bible is, upon this department, far too brief, and, in some respects, vague; the notices in the historical account prefixed to Bagster's "Hexapla" are confused, and not always trustworthy; and the works edited by Mr. B. Thorpe are very unsatisfactory. A systematic description of the extant Anglo-Saxon translations, accompanied by a critical collation, is still a felt want in English Biblical Literature.

Soon after the Conquest an author called Orme wrote a paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles in blank verse, which is now known as "The Ormulum."

The MS. is in the Bodleian; and it was edited by Dr. White in 1852. In the same library is a large manuscript in Anglo-Norman, or English,* containing a metrical summary of the leading events of Bible history, under the quaint name of *Sowlehele*, "In Latyn tonge Salus Animæ." Its date is uncertain, but it may be ascribed to the 13th century. Towards the close of the same century a metrical version of the Psalms was made by an unknown author, and apparently circulated widely, as six copies of it are still extant.† In the early part of the following century (cir. 1320) a translation of the entire Psalter in Latin and English, was written probably by William of Schorham, vicar of Chart-Sutton in Kent. It was intended for church service, as it contains the usual Canticles, with the Te Deum and the Athanasian Creed.‡ In the middle of the 14th century Richard Rolle, better known as the Hermit of Ham-pole, wrote an English translation of the Book of Psalms with a Commentary. Many manuscript copies of it are in the public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, and London; and their state proves that the work had not only been widely circulated, but repeatedly and carefully revised.§ In the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries numerous other fragments of English Psalters are preserved of the same or an earlier date. At first the Normans, when consolidating their new conquests, gave little thought to the Bible. Their invasion checked rather than advanced the progress of Scriptural knowledge for a time. But after two centuries of stagnation a revival took place. A spirit of inquiry began to spread among the clergy. Their attention was turned to the Scriptures, and they showed their desire to instruct the people by translating the Lessons ordinarily read in the public services of the Church. Portions of the Gospels of Mark and Luke and of Paul's Epistles also exist in manuscript. But, so far as our researches have gone, it would seem that down to the year 1360, the Psalter was the only book of Scripture

* His Scripture history was published by L'Isle in 1693, entitled "A Saxon Treatise concerning the Old and New Testament; and his other works, which illustrate the history of Holy Scripture during the Anglo-Saxon period, were edited by Mr. B. Thorpe for the Ælfric Society (2 vols. London, 1843-46).

* Bod. 779.

† Preface, Wyc. "Bible," p. iii. note. It was published in Stevenson's "Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter" (1843).

‡ Ibid., p. iv.

§ Preface, Wyc. Bible, p. iv.

entirely and literally translated into English. There are some short lessons from other parts of the Bible correctly rendered, but all the longer works are loose paraphrases, poems founded on Bible narratives, or abridgments of the Sacred text. None of them were literal versions, and none of the versions or paraphrases were founded on the Hebrew or Greek originals. The Vulgate version alone was used, and most of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman translations of the Psalms follow the Gallican Psalter.

The 14th century introduced a new era in Biblical translation. At this time the power of Rome in England was all but supreme. The clergy of every rank and class were devoted subjects of the Pope, and their name was legion. The whole country swarmed with them. They were watchful and energetic. The laws of their Church required them to withhold the Word of God from the laity. According to the Papal system the infallible authority of the Church alone is fit to determine the meaning of Scripture. To exercise private judgment upon it is presumption and rebellion. By maintaining these views with an authority stern, cruel, and uncompromising, Rome attempted to rob England of both patriotism and liberty. The people were taught, under pain of the Church's dread anathema, to bow submissive to a foreign potentate, and, not only so, but to commit mind and conscience alike to his keeping. The first man whose eyes were thoroughly opened to the degradation of his country, and who had the courage to resolve upon her emancipation, was JOHN WYCLIFFE.

Wycliffe was born in 1324, in the parish of Wye-cliffe, situated on the banks of the river Wye, in Yorkshire. He was educated at Oxford, having entered Queen's College in 1340, the very year it was founded.* He became Fellow of Merton, and, in 1361, Master of Balliol. In the year 1356 he wrote a tract entitled "Last Age of the Church,"† in which he laments the decay of religion, the gross ignorance of the people, and the insolence of the clergy. His ardent, thoughtful mind was then turned to the great want of the age — the right means of instructing the masses. He resolved to supply the want by giving them the Word of God in their own tongue. But before doing so the people needed to be roused from the apathy which ignorance had induced; they required to be made conscious

of their real state. A favourable opportunity offered in the scandalous practices of the order of Mendicant Friars, who then overran England, perverting the minds of the populace, exciting their fanaticism, and robbing them of their property. In public lectures at Oxford Wycliffe openly attacked them, exposing with unsparing eloquence and withering sarcasm their immorality, their lies, and their craft. The truth of his charges was too evident to be questioned. The eyes of the people were suddenly opened to a system of delusion and extortion. Stung by a sense of their wrongs, they were ready to listen to a remedy. Wycliffe saw the time had arrived for proclaiming a new and great doctrine. He, therefore, declared that the principles of the order of Friars, and of the whole system on which Popish despotism was based, were opposed to the teaching of God as recorded in the Bible. The appeal to the Bible as the sole standard of truth was the inauguration of a new era in England. At that moment Wycliffe laid the foundation of liberty of conscience. Very soon the eyes of the greatest and best in the country were turned to him. A circumstance which then occurred contributed much to aid his work. The Pope demanded of the King payment of the annual tribute formerly given to the Holy See, with all arrears. This was a noble opportunity for Wycliffe. He urged King and Parliament to resist the claim, mainly upon the ground that there was no authority for it in the Bible.

But the nation as a whole was not yet prepared for such a revolution, because to them the Bible was an unknown book. Wycliffe determined to remedy this evil by giving them the Bible in their own language. He began his work at Oxford in 1356, by translating the book of Revelation, to which he added a brief Commentary. Several copies of it are extant in manuscript, and exhibit remarkable variations both in text and commentary, as if there had been a series of thorough revisions.* It was followed after an interval by a version of the Gospels, with an exposition, made up chiefly of extracts from the exègetical writings of the Fathers.

In 1375 Wycliffe was presented to the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. There, in the old parish church of St. Mary, which still stands, he preached with faithfulness and power the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. A single sentence from one of his sermons will show his views regarding both Church and State at that period: —

* His name appears on the register as *John de Wycliffe*.

† Edited by Dr. Todd, and published in Dublin in 1840.

* Preface to Wyo. Bible, p. viii. note.

"All truth is contained in Scripture. We should admit of no conclusion not approved there. There is no court besides the court of heaven. Though there were an hundred Popes, and though all the friars in the world were turned into Cardinals, yet we could learn more from the Bible than from that vast multitude." In his quiet parish he laboured incessantly at the translation of the Scriptures. He completed the New Testament in 1380. The version was not perfect. It was made from the Latin Vulgate; yet it set forth substantially the fundamental doctrines of Revelation. The printing-press was then unknown. Every copy had to be written by hand. Wycliffe appears to have employed a number of scribes, but they were not able to supply the growing demand. Foxe tells us that some of the yeomen were so anxious to obtain the Word of God, that they often gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or St. Paul.

Having completed the New Testament, Wycliffe arranged with his friend Nicholas of Hereford to undertake a translation of the Old Testament. It was at once commenced, but ere it was completed the Romish prelates were informed of the design. Nicholas was suddenly summoned before a synod of preaching friars, held in 1382, and on the 1st of July was excommunicated. He appealed to the Pope; went to Rome; was tried and imprisoned, but soon effected his escape. He does not seem to have returned to England again during the life of Wycliffe. Wycliffe himself, therefore, took up again the work of translation, and had the satisfaction of finishing it before his death in 1384. The manuscript of Nicholas's translation is still extant in the Bodleian Library. It ends at Baruch iii. 20, in the middle of a sentence.*

Immediately on the issue of his New Testament, Wycliffe was charged with heresy, and cited before an ecclesiastical convention which assembled at Oxford in 1382. The charge in some way failed. It does not appear that any attempt was made to substantiate it. Probably they feared the effects of such a defence as the bold reformer would have made; yet he was banished from the University. He was afterwards summoned to Rome to answer before the Pope for crimes laid against him. He was physically unable, had he even been willing to go. His health was fast failing, and his Heavenly Master soon took him away from a world that was not worthy of him. He died in 1384. Even then his persecutors were not satisfied. The enmity

of Rome followed him to the tomb. In the year 1415, the Council of Constance — the Council that burned John Huss — decreed that the ashes of the English heretic should be cast out of consecrated ground. It was thirteen years later ere the decree could be carried into effect. At length, forty-three years after his death, all that remained of Wycliffe was gathered up by impious hands from the cemetery of Lutterworth, burned on the arch of a neighbouring bridge, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift, which, as Fuller says, "conveyed them into the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all over the world."

While Wycliffe was engaged in his translation others were prosecuting a similar work in different parts of England. There is a manuscript translation of portions of the Epistles, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel of Matthew, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.† It is in the western dialect. In the same library is a complete version of Paul's Epistles.‡ The authors are unknown, and probably they concealed their names for the purpose of escaping persecution.

Wycliffe's translation was revised and much improved by others who outlived him, the most celebrated of whom was John Purvey, a clergyman, who officiated as curate at Lutterworth, and lived with Wycliffe during the closing years of his life.‡ It is an interesting fact that Purvey's copy of Wycliffe's original translation of the New Testament is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and attached to it is a Prologue, in Purvey's hand, explaining fully the plan adopted by him in revising the version, and showing that his revision was very thorough.§

Wycliffe's Bible appears to have had a large circulation, considering the character of the times, the difficulty and expense of

* MS. 434.

† MS. 32. See Preface, Wyo. "Bible," p. xiii.

‡ So far as we have been able to ascertain, Purvey's is the only complete revision; and any student can see by consulting the work of Forshall and Madden that there is no ground for the statement of Mr. Froude that it was "tinted more strongly with the peculiar opinions of the Lollards."—"Hist. of England," iii. 77.

§ The Prologue was first printed separately in 1535, with the title, "The Dore of Holy Scripture." It is prefixed to the edition of Wycliffe's Bible by Forshall and Madden. It was Purvey's revised edition of the New Testament, and not the original version of Wycliffe, which was published by Lewis in 1731, and again by Baber in 1810, and in Bagster's "Hexapla." Both versions are given complete for the first time in the magnificent work of Forshall and Madden.

* Preface to Wyo. Bible, p. 1.

transcribing, and the intense hostility of the clergy. Upwards of one hundred and seventy manuscript copies, more or less complete, are still in existence; and the names upon some of them show that they belonged to the highest personages in the land. We find the following, among others:—Duke of Gloucester, Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, Bishop Bonner. Besides complete copies of the "Bible," the Epistles and Gospels of the Church Service were transcribed separately, so that thus important parts of the version had a wider circulation, and were made more accessible to the humbler classes of the English people.

Wycliffe's work was a noble one. His translation prepared the way for, and gave a distinctive character to, the Reformation in England. The Reformation in other countries—in Germany, Switzerland, and Scotland, was largely produced and directed by men of commanding genius. England had no Luther, Calvin, or Knox; its reformation was mainly the result of the circulation of a vernacular Bible. Wycliffe's Bible was not perfect. He did not translate from the original languages. Probably he had not the qualifications for such a task. The Latin Vulgate was the basis of his version, and it is followed with almost slavish literality, all its corruptions and interpolations being scrupulously retained. The style is rugged and homely; in fact the language in which it is written was yet in its infancy. The version therefore, was not fitted to occupy a permanent place.

In 1523, nearly a century and a half after the publication of Wycliffe's Bible, a small party assembled on a spring evening, in the dining-hall of Sudbury-Manor, near Bristol. It consisted of Sir John Walsh, lord of the manor, his lady, several children, and two priests. One of the priests was a man of distinguished appearance. He was in the prime of life. His forehead was broad, high, and prominent. When at rest, his eye was steady and thoughtful; but when excited by conversation or controversy, it flashed with extraordinary brilliancy. Compressed lips, and deep lines round the mouth indicated great firmness and decision. He occupied the humble place of tutor in the knight's family. The other priest was a man of high social standing, and much scholastic learning. During dinner the conversation turned on those theological questions which were then moving England and Germany. The advantages to be gained by Church and nation from the diffusion of Scriptural knowledge were freely canvassed.

The conflicting views of the speakers soon became apparent. After some sharp passages, the strange priest exclaimed:—"Better be without God's laws than the Pope's." The tutor, turning suddenly upon him with a look of great dignity and determination, replied:—"In the name of God, I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years, I will cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of God's law than either you or the Pope."* The tutor was WILLIAM TYNDALE.

Tyndale was born at Hunt's Court, Gloucestershire, in 1484, or perhaps a few years earlier. He was a scion of a Baronial family which took its name from ancestral possessions in *Tynedale*, Northumberland. He entered the University of Oxford at an early age, and devoted himself to Scriptural and classical studies, in which he made rapid progress. About the year 1512,† he removed to Cambridge, attracted apparently by the celebrity of Erasmus, who was then Greek Lecturer in that University. At Cambridge Tyndale began his version of the New Testament, probably stimulated by Erasmus, whose first edition of the Greek was published in 1516, and immediately imported into England, where it made a profound sensation, especially among the thoughtful youth of the Universities. It would seem, however, that long previous to his acquaintance with Erasmus, and before he met Frith, who was subsequently such a faithful assistant, Tyndale's mind was turned to the translation of the Scriptures. There was recently extant a manuscript containing passages from the New Testament in English, with the date 1502, and signed with the well-known initials W. T. The translation was excellent, and showed an extensive and accurate knowledge of Greek. The manuscript has unfortunately perished, and some able antiquaries now deny its genuineness.

When Tyndale removed to Sudbury he prosecuted his work with renewed vigour until the occurrence of the incident above narrated. Feeling himself no longer safe in the house of Sir John Walsh, he went to London, hoping to obtain the protection and patronage of Bishop Tunstall, who was an admirer of Erasmus, and to whom he was recommended by Sir. H. Guildford. Protection was refused; but he found a generous friend in Humphrey Munmouth, a city merchant, in whose house he resided for a year, labouring, as his kind host after-

* Foxe, V. p. 117.

† Westcott, p. 21.

wards testified, day and night. Tyndale's comment on this period of his life is worthy of record:—"I found not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England." Munmouth was imprisoned for his generous act of hospitality; but he soon regained his freedom, and lived to attain one of the highest offices in the city.

In 1523, or the beginning of 1524, Tyndale left England and sought an asylum in Hamburg, where he spent a year, and published the first part of the Holy Scriptures ever printed in the English language, the Gospels of Matthew and Mark.* From Hamburg he went to Cologne, then famous for its printing establishments. His translation of the New Testament was now complete. It was entirely his own. There is no evidence that he was assisted by Luther or any other, or that he had even seen the German Reformer, or visited Wittenberg, as affirmed by Froude.† It was made from the original Greek, of which language he had, during his residence at Oxford and Cambridge, acquired a profound knowledge. At Cologne the work was immediately put to the press, in the printing establishment of P. Quentel. Three thousand copies were to be issued in a quarto form, with notes and marginal glosses. But unfortunately two of the printers were addicted to both wine and controversy. A wily priest called Cochlaeus took advantage of their weakness, and joined in their revels for the purpose of worming out of them the secrets of the printing-house. He encouraged the discussion of theology, while he plied them with wine. The printers were Lutherans, and advocated the circulation of the Bible in the language of the people. By skilful management Cochlaeus learned from them the startling fact that an English New Testament was in the press. He at once communicated with the authorities, and after some negotiation obtained an order to seize Tyndale, Roye his assistant, and all their books and manuscripts. They were, however, apprised of their danger in time, and hastily collecting their precious treasures, they entered a boat, and escaped up the Rhine to Worms. In that city Tyndale was safe. Luther had been there before him; and Protestantism had planted on its

batlements the banner of freedom. Cochlaeus had meantime written to England, informing the King, Cardinal Wolsey, and the Bishop of Rochester, that the New Testament was being printed. He minutely described the form and character of the book, so as to facilitate its seizure at the seaports. A few sheets of the quarto edition had been struck off at Cologne. But Tyndale now, being informed of what Cochlaeus had done, thought it best to delay the issue of this quarto edition, and to publish another which might more easily escape notice. The first complete copy of the New Testament in English was, therefore, printed at Worms, and not at Antwerp, as stated by Mr. Froude and Mr. Smiles.* It appeared in 1525, in *octavo*, without note or comment, and was executed in the press of Schöffer, son of the Associate of Faust and Gutenberg, the inventors of printing. The title-page did not give the name of either translator or printer, and with the exception of a brief epistle "To the Rader" at the end, the book contained nothing but the sacred text. Three thousand copies of it were printed; and these were immediately followed by an equal number of the quarto edition, with marginal glosses and a Preface. They were all sent to the coast and shipped to England; but the news had gone before. The Romish hierarchy condemned the book, and all in whose possession it should be found. Not content with this, active emissaries were sent by Cardinal Wolsey to various towns on the coasts of England and Holland, to search out and buy up copies. These were collected and burned in the presence of the Cardinal and his clergy, before the gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, February 11, 1526.† So successful was the work of destruction that, at the present time, of the quarto edition only a fragment is known to exist. It is in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum. Of the octavo edition there are but two copies known, both imperfect; one in the Baptist College, Bristol, complete with the exception of the title-page; the other in the Library of St. Paul's, London. The former was reprinted in 1836, with a valuable Memoir of Tyndale, by G. Offor. It is a literal copy of the original, and has fac-similes of the wood-cuts and ornaments. The epistle "To the Rader" is appended, and is very interesting. After speaking of the difficulty of the work, and of the rudeness

* They appear to have been printed separately. See Anderson's "Annals," i. 61, 153.

† Mr. Froude says "Tyndal saw Luther, and under his immediate direction translated the Gospels and Epistles while at Wittenberg. Thence he returned to Antwerp," &c. These statements are not borne out by any sufficient evidence, and they are opposed to Tyndale's own express declaration.—Tyndale's "Works," ed. Walter, i. p. xxvi.; iii. 147.

* Froude, "Hist. of England," ii. 31; Smiles, "The Huguenots," p. 15. The evidence for the facts stated above may be seen in Tyndale's "Works," i. pp. xxvi.—xxx. Anderson's "Annals," i. 45 seq.

† Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 106; Foxe.

of a first attempt at translation, Tyndale says: — "Count it as a thyng not havyng his full shape, but as it were borne afore hys tyme, even as a thyng begonne rather than fynnesshed." Between 1525 and 1530 six editions of Tyndale's New Testament were printed, three of them at Antwerp being surreptitious, and containing many errors. It is probable that the six editions included not less than 18,000 copies; yet the demand was so great that they were readily sold. The English hierarchy were furious. They used all the means in their power, by seizure and purchase, to obtain possession of the books. Tunstall, Bishop of London, when on his way to Cambray in 1529, passed through Antwerp. There he arranged with a London merchant, called Packington, to buy up Tyndale's Testaments, at whatever cost, that he might burn them at Paul's Cross. This was done. But Packington was obliged to pay large prices and ready money. Tyndale, before harassed with debt, contracted in a noble enterprise, now found himself in possession of a little fortune. He paid his debts, revised his translation, and in due time issued a far larger and more accurate edition.*

Having completed the new Testament, Tyndale began to translate the Old. The Book of Genesis was "*emprinted at Marlborough, in the land of Hesse, by me, Hans Luft,*" on 17th January, 1530.† It was followed by Deuteronomy, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, each published separately, and having a distinct Prologue. Genesis and Numbers are in *black letter*; the others in Roman letter.‡ In the following year the whole Pentateuch was published with a general preface. *This was the first portion of the Old Testament translated into English out of the Original Hebrew.* Tyndale appears to have been its sole author, for though he may have met both Frith and Coverdale at Hamburg, while engaged in his work, there is no evidence of their having given him any assistance. Besides, in the assembly convened at London by Bishop Warham on May 24th, 1530, the versions both of the Old Testament and the New there condemned, are distinctly said to be Tyndale's.§ After an interval of three years, Tyndale printed a version of the Book of Jonah, made from the Hebrew, which was reprinted in *fac simile* in 1863 by Mr. Fry.

The fierce hostility of the King and clergy of England, and the public burning of so many of Tyndale's books in May, 1530, appear to have checked the sale of the Scriptures. No new edition was published between the years 1530 and 1534. But Tyndale was not idle. His whole time and energies were devoted to the revision of the New Testament, and to the translation of the remaining books of the Old. In August, 1534, an edition of his New Testament was published in Holland, edited by George Joye, a native of Bedfordshire, educated at Cambridge, who made serious changes in the text, and introduced errors and corruptions from the Latin.* Joye's edition gave great dissatisfaction to Tyndale. But in November of the same year he issued a new and revised edition of his own, with short marginal notes and Prologues to the several books, chiefly compiled from those of Luther.† It is the first edition containing the name of the translator. In the preface he says, "Here thou hast the New Testament or Covenant made wyth us of God in Christes bloude. Which I have looked over agayne (now at the last) with all diligence, and compared it unto the Greke, and have weded oute of it many fautes, which lacke of helpe at the begynninge and oversyght did soue therein." Every chapter bears testimony to Tyndale's industry, and conscientious desire to produce a perfect translation. He not only re-examined the Greek text with critical minuteness, but he manifestly consulted the German of Luther, and Latin of Erasmus, on all doubtful passages. He also improved the style of the English, making it in many places more vigorous and idiomatical. His marginal notes are brief, but terse and thoughtful; never failing to elucidate the word or phrase commented on. In addition to the New Testament, this volume contained a translation of the Epistles from the Old Testament and Apocrypha, read in the Church on certain days, "after the use of Salisbury." These embrace a few verses from each of fourteen canonical, and three Apocryphal books; they were evidently translated from the Hebrew and Greek originals, and are characterized by all the vigour and critical acumen of Tyndale. A copy of this edition, printed on vellum, and splendidly illuminated and bound, was presented by Tyndale to Anne Boleyn, as a testimony

* Anderson's "Annals," i. p. 214.

† "Bibliothec. Grenvil." ii.; Tyndale's "Works," ed. Watton, i. p. xl.

‡ One perfect copy is in the Grenville library, and there are besides several fragments, one being in the Bodleian.

§ Collier, iv. 140; Anderson i. 257.

* The book is now very rare. A perfect copy is in the Grenville collection, British Museum.

† It was printed at Antwerp, by "Marten Empe-rower," in 12mo., with the following title—"The newe Testament dylygently corrected and compared with the Greke by Wyllyam Tyndale."

of his gratitude for the protection she afforded one of his persecuted friends.*

In November, 1534, Tyndale's revised New Testament was printed at Antwerp; and in the same month he was basely betrayed by a man named Phillips, who had been specially sent to Antwerp for that purpose by the King of England and his Popish council. Tyndale was dragged away to the castle of Vilvoord, near Brussels, where he remained a prisoner for two years. He appears to have employed the whole of that time in the work of translation and revision. In 1535, a new edition of his Testament, the last revised by himself, was published at Antwerp. It was without note or comment, but the text exhibits many important changes and emendations. "Sometimes the changes are made to secure a closer accordance with the Greek, sometimes to gain a more vigorous or a more idiomatic rendering; sometimes to preserve a just uniformity; sometimes to introduce a new interpretation. The very minuteness of the changes is a singular testimony to the diligence with which Tyndale still laboured at his appointed work. Nothing seemed trifling to him, we may believe, if only he could better seize or convey to others the meaning of one fragment of Scripture."† Tyndale's work was finished, and his noble life was now drawing to a close. On the sixth of October, 1536, he was executed in the town of Vilvoord. His last words were worthy of the cause for which he lived, and for which he died. Standing beside the stake, he lifted up his hands and prayed—"Lord Jesus, open the eyes of the King of England!"

Tyndale's translation, so far as it goes, is the basis of our English Bible. "In it," says Westcott, "the general character and mould of our whole version was definitely fixed. The labours of the next seventy-five years were devoted to improving it in detail." Any one can now see this for himself by a glance at the "English Hexapla." Tyndale's sole object manifestly was to place the English reader in direct contact with the sacred writers. He had no party purpose to serve, for he belonged to no party. He was a student of God's Word, and not of the schools of human philosophy or ecclesiastical theology. He used all means of gaining a profound knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, that he might be able to go to the fountain head of Revelation. He stud-

ied Greek at Oxford and Cambridge, and Hebrew under the Jewish Rabbins of Germany; and he studied with such success, that his scholarship was lauded even by his bitterest enemies. Spalatin thus wrote of him in 1526: "Six thousand copies of the English Testament have been printed at Worms. It was translated by an Englishman, who was so complete a master of seven languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French, that you would fancy that whichever one he spoke in was his mother tongue."* He was entirely free from prejudice. He cast aside all the ecclesiastical and theological glosses and dogmas, that had, during later ages, become incrustated upon the words of Scripture. He employed a vigorous and graceful Saxon style and idiom. He adopted the language of the English people—that noble language which Shakspeare has placed on a level with the choicest literature of Greece and Rome. Throughout his whole translations there is the stamp of truthfulness. No word is selected to please the ear of royalty, to advance the cause of party, or to favour a particular dogma. With perfect sincerity and truth, Tyndale was able to say, "I call God to witness that I never altered one syllable of God's Word against my conscience."

Before his imprisonment, Tyndale had formed a close friendship and alliance with a man of kindred spirit—John Rogers, the Reformer and martyr. Rogers was educated at Cambridge, where he was distinguished for classical scholarship. Having taken orders, he was appointed chaplain to the company of English merchants at Antwerp. There he met Tyndale, was convinced of the errors of Rome, and became an ardent student of Scripture. He appears to have assisted Tyndale in the work of revising his translation for the press, and in the preparation of the Old Testament. The version of the Pentateuch was, as has been shown, published in 1530; that of Jonah appeared three years later; and we have evidence that Tyndale, before his death, had completed a translation from the Hebrew as far as the end of the Second Book of Chronicles. After his death, Rogers determined to prosecute the noble work, and publish a complete English Bible. His name, however, had been associated with Tyndale's, and would therefore naturally be displeasing to that section of the English people who had persecuted Tyndale; he consequently published under the feigned name of *Thomas Matthew*. This fact, af-

* It is now in the Library of the British Museum, and bears the simple legend *Anna Regina Anglie*. It is the edition of 1534, which is printed with such care and neatness in Bagster's "English Hexapla."
† Westcott, "History of English Bible," p. 190.

• Ibid., p. 42.

firmed by Foxe, has been questioned; and it may be that Thomas Matthew was a real person, an assistant of Rogers. Be this as it may, the English Bible was put to press. It was made up of Tyndale's published Pentateuch and New Testament, Tyndale's new translation of Joshua to 2 Chronicles, and Coverdale's version of the remaining books of the Old Testament. It does not appear that Rogers attempted more than a cursory revision of the translations already in his hands. He adopted Tyndale's latest corrected edition of the New Testament, published in 1535. His object was, as stated by Westcott, "to present the earlier texts in a combined form, which might furnish the common basis of later revision."* When the printing had advanced as far as Isaiah funds failed. Application was then made to Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, merchants in London, afterwards celebrated as printers. They supplied the necessary money, and the book was completed. Through Grafton's influence with Cranmer and Crumwell, the King's licence was obtained; and in 1537, not quite a year after Tyndale's martyrdom, a complete English version of the Bible was freely distributed in this country by Royal authority. Tyndale's last prayer was answered.

The title of this volume, which may be regarded as the basis of our Authorized Version, is as follows:—*"The Byble, which is all the Holy Scripture. In which are contayned the Olde and Newe Testament truly and purely translated into Englysh. By Thomas Matthew. 1537. Set forth with the Kinges most gracyous licece."* It is a large folio, in German type, and was printed probably either at Marburg or Hamburg. At the beginning of Isaiah, where Grafton and Whitchurch took it up, there is a new title, *"The Prophetes in Englishe;"* and on the next page is a large wood-cut, with the initials R. G. at the top, and E. W. at the bottom, indicating the sources from which the funds came for printing. The Dedication to King Henry and Queen Jane is subscribed with the initials T. M.; but a Preface, entitled *"An Exhortation to the Study of the Holy Scripture, gathered out of the Bible,"* is subscribed J. R.; and at the end of the Old Testament, in very large characters, are the well-known initials, W. T.

Two years previous to the publication of Matthew's Bible, and one year before Tyndale's martyrdom, an English version, bearing the name of MILES COVERDALE, was printed at Zurich, and distributed in this

country. It was the first complete English Bible ever printed. But the translation was not original. Coverdale was not qualified for such a task; his knowledge of Hebrew appears to have been limited. He states, with great simplicity and commendable honesty in his Dedication to the King: "I have faithfully translated this out of five sundry interpreters." These were probably—1. The German of Luther; 2. The Swiss-German of Leo Juda, published at Zurich, 1525–29; 3. The Latin of Sanctes Pagninus; 4. The Vulgate; 5. The English Pentateuch, Book of Jonah, and New Testament of Tyndale. One characteristic of Coverdale's, as compared with Tyndale's translation is, that it manifests a strong sympathy for ecclesiastical terms, which it embodies freely from the Vulgate, such as "penance," "priest," "church," "confess," &c. Another characteristic is, that smoothness and rhythm of language are studied more than exact literality in rendering. Some of his phrases, however, are very happy. Coverdale followed Tyndale's version closely in the Pentateuch and New Testament, and any changes he introduced are taken either from the German or Vulgate. In his version of the prophetic books, as he had no English guide, he translated almost verbatim from the Swiss-German Bible. The title of the book states the plain truth; it is as follows:—*"Biblia. The Bible, that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament faithfully and truly translated out of the Douche and Latyn in to Englishe,"* 1535. It has been stated already that in Matthew's Bible, the Old Testament books from Ezra to Malachi were taken wholly from Coverdale, and in this way Coverdale's version contributed in some degree to the formation of the text of our present English Bible. In it, too, various renderings of difficult words and phrases are placed on the margin, and here we see the origin of that system of marginal readings or glosses, which has been so judiciously followed in the Authorized Version.

Coverdale's Bible was freely admitted into England. It was dedicated to Henry VIII., and it was unquestionably sanctioned and patronized by Crumwell and Cranmer, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1533; but it does not appear to have received any formal royal licence. At a meeting of Convocation of the province of Canterbury, held December 19th, 1534, it was agreed to request the King to decree that a translation of the Scriptures into English should be made.* Intelligence of this

* Westcott, p. 231.

* Strype's "Memorials of Cranmer," i. 35.

was conveyed to Coverdale, and probably encouragement and aid were given him by Cranmer to prosecute the work of translation. After the Bible appeared and began to be circulated in England, it was thought prudent to print a new title-page and prologue, to render it more acceptable to the people. The new title-page was not so honest as the original one, for it made no mention of the sources of the version, and merely said "*faithfully translated into English.*" In 1536 an injunction was issued by Crumwell to the effect — "That every parson, or proprietary of any parish church within this realm, shall on this side of the feast of St. Peter ad vincula (Aug. 1) next coming, provide a book of the whole Bible in Latin, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein."* Coverdale's was the only English Bible then extant, and consequently it may be regarded as the first authorized version. In 1536 a new and revised edition was issued, "*Imprinted in Southwarke for James Nycolson,*" and was the first English Bible printed in England; at the foot of the title-page are these important words — "Set forth with the King's most gracious licence." Though this was the first Bible printed in England, it was not the first sacred volume. Tyndale's New Testament was printed in London by Berthelet in 1536.†

The authorities in England were not satisfied with either Coverdale's or Tyndale's version, both of which were in circulation in 1537; consequently Crumwell and others resolved to have a new English translation prepared. Considerable obscurity exists both as to the way in which it was prepared, and the parties who originally planned, and aided in carrying out the work. Some say Rogers bore a leading part in it. It seems, however, that Coverdale was selected as editor, and Grafton as printer; and that it was commenced at the close of 1537 or early in 1538. Matthew's Bible was adopted as the basis; but the whole text was carefully, though, as will be shown, not very judiciously, revised and compared with the Hebrew and Greek. Coverdale states in letters to Crumwell how the work of revision was conducted: — "We follow," he says, "not only a standing text of the Hebrews, with the interpretation of the Chaldee and the Greek; but we set also in a private table the diversity of readings of all texts, with such annotations in another table as shall doubtless delucidate (*sic*) and clear

the same." Coverdale may at this time have had some knowledge of Oriental languages, or he may have had learned assistants; but even without a knowledge of Hebrew, he might have effectively carried out his plan, for he had in his hands the "Complutensian Polyglott," which contains a Latin translation of the Chaldee Paraphrase, and he had also the very accurate and literal version of the Old Testament by Sebastian Münster, which was published at Basle in 1534-5. The corrections made in Tyndale's Pentateuch and historical books are chiefly after Münster; but some are from the Vulgate. In the New Testament Tyndale's version is considerably modified, so as to bring it into closer conformity to the Vulgate version. "An analysis of the variations in the First Epistle of St. John may furnish a type of its general character. As nearly as I can reckon there are seventy-one differences between Tyndale's text (1534) and that of the Great Bible; of these forty-three come directly from Coverdale's earlier revision (and in a great measure indirectly from the Latin): seventeen from the Vulgate, where Coverdale before had not followed it; the remaining eleven variations are from other sources."‡ A large number of words and short phrases, like glosses, have been introduced into the text, especially in the New Testament, from the Vulgate, which have no equivalents in the original.† Some erroneous renderings also were adopted from the same source, one of which may be mentioned, as it is unfortunately retained in our Authorized Version. It is in St. John x. 16, which Tyndale translates thus — "And other shepe I have which are not of this *fold*. Them also must I bringe, that they maye heare my voyce, and that ther maye be one *flocke* and one *shepeherde*." In the new Bible this was rendered, "And other shepe I have, which are not of this *fold*. Them also must I bring, and they shall heare my voyce, and ther shall be one *fold* and one *shepeherde*." The force of the passage is here lost by confounding the Greek words *αἰλῆ*, "a fold," and *ποῖον*, "a flock;" both are rendered "fold," though Tyndale was right in his translation. The reviser followed the Vulgate, which has *ovile* in both places.

The Book of Psalms appears to have been revised with more care and success than

* Westcott, p. 267.

† Among the most remarkable is 1 Tim. iv. 13, where the following words are interpolated "by the auctorite of presthode;" other examples may be seen in 1 John i. 4; II. 23; III. 1; v. 9; Matt. xxv. 53; xxvii. 8; Luke xxiv. 36; Acts xv. 34, 41; Rom. i. 52; James v. 8; 2 Peter i. 10; II. 4, &c.

** Foxe, v. p. 167; Anderson, i. 509.

† A copy of this rare edition is in the Bodleian. Anderson, i. 549.

any other part of the Bible. This did not result so much from a stricter adhesion to the Hebrew text, as from a careful study of Luther's version and the German-Swiss. Both of these versions are distinguished by a regard to the spirit more than to the mere letter and idiom of the original. Their language is smooth, flowing, and therefore often paraphrastic. So is the English version; and it is, perhaps for this reason, better adapted for chanting, and for the public services of the Church than any version which has hitherto appeared. The Psalter, as originally published in this Bible, is still retained in the Liturgy of the Established Church.

The printing of the Bible was begun in Paris by royal licence; but before it was quite completed the licence was withdrawn, and the sheets seized and condemned to the flames by the Jesuits.* Many were actually burnt; but a considerable number were sold, as Foxe informs us, "to a haberdasher to lap caps in." These were afterwards rebought by Grafton, and in the end imported to England. Before the seizure some copies appear to have been sent to Crumwell through the Bishop of Hereford, then Ambassador at Paris; and after much trouble Grafton succeeded in bringing over the workmen, presses, type, and paper to London, where THE GREAT BIBLE was published in April, 1539.† As first issued, there was no Prologue; but some copies have been found, which contain a Prologue written by Archbishop Cranmer in November, 1539. The explanation of this seems to be that the copies printed and completed in London, in April, were issued at once, before the Prologue was written; but afterwards, on the recovery of the sheets saved from the flames in Paris, they also were completed in London, a Prologue was prepared for them by the Archbishop, and then they were published and circulated. The Prologue is important, as containing some historical references to the early circulation of the English Bible, a defence of the policy of printing and distributing the Scriptures in the language of the people, and a strong recommendation to every man to read for himself at home; "for," says Cranmer, the "Holy Spirit hath so ordered and tempered the Scriptures, that in them as well publicans, fishers, and shepherds may find their edification, as great doctors

their erudition." A second edition, printed in London, appeared in April, 1540, and on its title-page mention is made of Cranmer's Prologue; a third edition was published in July, and a fourth in November of the same year.*

The demand for the Bible among the English people at this period was so great that it was found almost impossible to supply it. Edition after edition issued from the press. The following facts will give some idea of the extent to which the Scriptures were circulated. In 1534, five editions of the English New Testament were printed at Antwerp, and one of the Pentateuch at Marburg. In 1535, there were four editions of the New Testament and one of the whole Bible. In 1536, ten editions of the New Testament and one of the whole Bible. In 1537, two editions of the Bible. In 1538, seven editions of the New Testament. In 1539, four of the New Testament, and four of the Bible. In 1540, four of the Bible, and three of the New Testament. In most of the editions the copies were large and expensive, and yet they were bought up and read with extraordinary avidity. From the time of the printing of Tyndale's New Testament in 1525 till 1542, no less than *thirty-nine* editions of the New Testament and *fourteen* of the whole Bible were issued. The effect of the circulation of the Scriptures was wonderful. People of every age, rank, and class seemed animated by an irrepressible desire to read or hear the Word of God. Those who had the means bought it; those who were able and willing to read in public had crowds of eager listeners always round them. Boys and old men, girls and matrons, flocked to the churches, where ponderous Bibles, chained to the massive pillars, lay open upon stands for the use of the public. Bishop Bonner, afterwards one of the most active of Queen Mary's persecuting agents, set up six large Bibles in St. Paul's. A still more remarkable example of prelatial inconsistency occurred in the same year. Bishop Tunstall, who had been one of the prime movers in the bonfire of Tyndale's Testaments at St. Paul's Cross, was ordered by the King, in 1540, to prepare a new edition of the very book he had helped to burn. He did so. It was completed in November, and has on the title-page these words:—"The Byble in Englyshe . . . to be frequented and used in every Church in this sayd realme . . .

* This occurred on the 17th of December, 1538.

† Its title is as follows:—"The Byble in Englyshe, that is to saye the content of all the holy Scripture, both of ye olde and newe testament, truly translated after the vergeth of the Hebreue and Grake texts, by ye dylygent studye of dyverse excellent learned men, expert in the forsayde tonges."

* This Bible is sometimes called *Cranmer's*, either because he wrote the Prologue, or because he was one of the originators of the scheme; it is also called, from its size, *The Great Bible*.

Oversene and perused by the Rt. Rev. fathers in God Cuthbert (Tunstall) Bysshop of Duresme," &c.

In 1542, however, a change took place. The papal party had for a time been gaining influence in the country, and their rule now became paramount. Tyndale's Bible was proscribed; and no person, unless of noble or gentle birth, was permitted to read the Scriptures under pain of imprisonment. On the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, the reforming party again rose to power. His successor, Edward, inaugurated a new era in the history of our country. He ordered the Bible to be carried before him at his coronation, uttering as he did so these remarkable words:—"That book is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. Without that sword we are nothing, we can do nothing, we have no power; from that we are what we are this day." During his short reign of six years, no less than *thirty-five* editions of the New Testament and fifteen of the entire Bible were published. It is interesting to observe how the sterling qualities of Tyndale's version now recommended it to the English people. It was far more popular than any of the others, as proved by the fact, that of the thirty-five editions of the New Testament printed, twenty-five were Tyndale's.

Mary ascended the throne in 1553, and reigned five years. During that period neither Bible nor Testament was printed in England. Rogers, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and others, who had so largely assisted in giving the Scriptures to the English people in their own tongue, were burnt at the stake; and some of the noblest of England's worthies were driven from their native country, and forced to seek an asylum in Geneva. In that city, where the profound Biblical scholarship, impassioned eloquence, and extraordinary sagacity of John Calvin had effected a reformation in both Church and State, the minds of the English exiles were turned to the necessity of an improved translation of the Sacred Scriptures. None of those hitherto published satisfied critical scholars. The "Great Bible" was even less satisfactory than that of Tyndale, and the interpolations introduced into it from the Vulgate tended in many cases seriously to mislead the inquirer after truth. It was therefore resolved to prepare and issue a new translation. Geneva was at that period a place singularly adapted for the successful accomplishment of such a work. It was the centre of Biblical learning. Calvin and Beza, with others, were engaged in a critical revision of Olivetan's French version; a revised Italian version was also in prepa-

ration under the editorial care of Gallars and Beza. Robert Stephen, who had already distinguished himself in Paris both as a profound scholar and careful editor, was then an exile in Geneva, where in 1551, he published his famous Greek Testament side by side with the Vulgate and the Latin of Erasmus. Before leaving Paris he had printed two editions of the Hebrew Bible, to one of which was attached the Commentary of Kimchi on the Minor Prophets. Other important aids were accessible to the Genevan exiles. Leo Juda's Latin version of the Old Testament was completed by Bibliander and Pellican, and printed at Zurich in 1543; a revised edition of Erasmus' translation of the New Testament was added to it in 1544. Beza's Latin version of the New Testament was printed in 1556, and excelled all its predecessors. Castalio's Latin version was published at Basle in 1551, and his French version four years later. It was, therefore, under the most favourable circumstances the revision of the English Bible was undertaken at Geneva.

The New Testament was first revised, apparently under the sole charge of William Whittingham, Calvin's brother-in-law. Whittingham was a scion of a noble English family, and was born at Holmeside Hall, near Durham, in 1524. He was educated at Oxford, and travelled extensively on the Continent, visiting many of the great seats of learning. On the accession of Queen Mary he fled to Frankfort, and soon afterwards took up his residence in Geneva. He was an accurate scholar; he had a sound judgment and a keen perception of the style and phraseology best adapted to set forth the meaning of the sacred text. In his preface he tells us that the English text "was diligently revised by the most approved Greek exemplars and conference of translations in other tongues." This sentence accurately describes the character of his work. It was not a new translation. Tyndale's version was his basis. Stephen's recently-published Greek Testament was the original text used, and none equal to it had yet appeared. The Latin translation of Beza was the chief source, or at least suggester, of his emendations. He exercised an independent judgment on each word and passage, though in the first instance his attention appears to have been called to defects by the reading of Beza or Castalio. Indeed, in a few cases, Beza's rendering was followed in preference to that of Tyndale, though the latter was right; thus, in Luke ii. 22, Tyndale reads "their," the Genevan "her"; in Gal. iv. 17, Tyndale reads "you," the Genevan "us."

Still Whittingham's revision was thorough, and on the whole judicious. He kept very closely to the Greek, and yet expressed the sense, for the most part, in terse and idiomatic English. The New Testament was published on the 10th of June, 1557, in *duodecimo*, with a prologue by John Calvin; and the expense was defrayed mainly by John Bodley, the father of the founder of the Bodleian Library. It was the first Testament in which the text was divided into separated verses. The verses, which had originated with Robert Stephen a few years previously, had only been marked on the margin of his Greek Testament of 1551. Another important innovation may be noted; words which had no equivalents in the original, but which were added to complete the sense, were printed in italics. Brief explanatory notes were placed upon the margin, and contributed much to make the work popular among the masses of the English people. Regarding the notes, the writer says "he omitted nothing unexpounded whereby he that is anything exercised in the Scriptures of God might justly complain of hardness." The notes have in many cases a strong doctrinal bias.

The revision of the Old Testament was commenced immediately on the publication of the New, and went on without intermission for two years. The names of the revisers are not all known; but it is certain that, in addition to Whittingham, Anthony Gilby and Thomas Sampson wrought at it, and were probably aided by Miles Coverdale and John Knox. The "Great Bible" was adopted as the basis; but its text was revised with very great care, and brought into closer correspondence with the Hebrew. The revisers were manifestly men of competent scholarship and profound Biblical knowledge. They took full advantage of all external assistance. The Latin version of Leo Juda, Sebastian Münster, and Sanctes Pagninus, and the French translation of Olivetan as revised by Calvin, were constantly consulted, and many important emendations made from them. In those books originally translated by Tyndale (Genesis—2 Chron.) the text is not much changed; but in the poetical and prophetic books the changes are so numerous that it may almost be considered a new translation. It is much more literal, and at the same time more forcible, than its predecessors. The New Testament was again revised, evidently by a new hand, and the changes introduced, chiefly from Beza, are not improvements. The whole was completed and published in one volume, quarto, in 1560, with the following title, which fairly describes it:—

"The Bible: that is, the Holy Scriptures, conteyned in the Olde and Newe Testament. Translated according to the Ebrue and Greke, and conferred with the best translations in diuers languages, with moste profitable annotations on all the harde places, and other thinges of great importance, as may appere in the Epistle to the Reader. At Geneva. Printed by Rouland Hall. M.D.L.X." Queen Mary died in 1558, and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England. To her this Bible was dedicated.*

The Genevan Bible was far superior to any that preceded it. It is confessedly the best in the English language, with the exception of the Authorized Version. Its authors say, in their preface:—"We may with good conscience protest that we have in every point and word, according to the measure of that knowledge which it pleased Almighty God to give us, faithfully rendered the text, and in all hard places most sincerely expounded the same. For God is our witness that we have by all means endeavoured to set forth the purity of the Word and right sense of the Holy Ghost for the edifying of the brethren in faith and charity." The Genevan Bible, though never formally sanctioned for public use in the churches, soon took the place in public estimation hitherto held by Tyndale's, and long continued to be emphatically the Bible of the English people. In this respect it well nigh supplanted all others, and retained its place for eighty years, during which time it passed through about one hundred and fifty editions. The place of its origin, the manner in which it rendered ecclesiastical terms, and the tenor of its annotations, endeared it to the hearts of the Puritans of England and the Presbyterians of Scotland. It may be added that it was the first English Bible printed in Roman type, all previous to it having been in "black-letter." It was also the first which had its text divided into verses.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth the heads of the English Church, under the leadership of Archbishop Parker, began to consider the propriety of preparing a version of the Bible which might be authorized by the rulers of Church and State, and acceptable to all sects and classes in the nation. None of those yet published had attained that desired end: and it began to be felt that even the best of them did not fully represent the advances already made in

* The expense of publication was principally borne by John Bodley, or, as the name is sometimes written, *Bodeleigh*, who obtained from the Queen a patent giving him sole authority to print this Bible for a period of seven years. The patent is dated 3 Jan. 1560-61. Anderson II. 324.



Biblical literature. Parker resolved at length to divide the Bible into a number of sections, and to portion them out for translation or revision among a select few, whose position in the Church, and established character for scholarship, might tend to give their production weight with the public. Each man, on completing his section, was to send it back to the Archbishop for final revision and approval. So far as can now be ascertained, fifteen men were engaged in the work, of whom eight were prelates, namely, Alley, Davies, Sandys, Horn, Grindel, Parkhurst, Cox, and Guest. From the fact that the majority of the revisers were Bishops the version was called "The Bishops' Bible." The revision was begun in 1564, and the Bible was published in 1568, in a magnificent folio volume, printed by Richard Jugge, with the simple title, *THE HOLIE BIBLE*. It was, no doubt, an improvement on "The Great Bible," for it omitted most of the interpolations from the Vulgate, and to some extent amended the text, adopting the best renderings of the Geneva, and giving a number of new and happy translations from the Greek, in the New Testament. But on the whole it was not satisfactory, and it disappointed the expectations of the learned. The scholarship of the editors appears to have been defective, especially in Hebrew; and the plan followed by Bishop Guest in regard to the Psalter was calculated to corrupt, rather than amend, the version. He thus explains it in a letter to Parker:—"I have not altered the translation but where it gave occasion to an error. Where in the New Testament one piece of a Psalm is reported *I translate it in the Psalms according to the translation thereof in the New Testament!*" The pernicious effect of such an uncritical mode of procedure may be easily imagined.* A new edition of "The Bishops' Bible" appeared in 1572, the New Testament portion being further revised. Still it did not command the confidence of the learned; it did not satisfy the wants of the Church; and it did not gain the affections of the people, who still continued to prefer the Geneva. "The Bishops' Bible," however, deserves the attentive consideration of every student, for it formed the basis of our Authorized Version, although the latter was prepared on different and far sounder principles.

The Roman Catholic translation of the Scriptures, although it had little influence upon the formation of our English Bible, demands a brief notice in a historical and

critical point of view. It was only under strong pressure from without the version was undertaken and issued. Some leading Roman Catholic divines had charged the various Protestant versions with grievous errors and gross misrepresentations of the Divine Word; they felt themselves, therefore, bound to establish their charges by producing a translation of their own under the infallible sanction and guidance of the Church. The New Testament was first undertaken. The translation was made, not from the Greek original, but from "the Authentic text of the Vulgate." Its authors were certain English refugees at Rheims, where it was published in 1582. Its title is as follows:—"The New Testament of Jesus Christ, translated faithfully into English out of the Authentichal Latin, according to the best corrected copies of the same, diligently conferred with the Greeke, and other editions in divers languages: With . . . Annotations, and other necessarie helpes, for the better understanding of the text, and specially for the discoverie of the *corruptions* of divers late translations, and for the clearing of *controversies* in religion, in these daies." The promoters of the version were Gregory Martin, a graduate of Cambridge, and Cardinal Allen, or Alleyn. The latter was educated at Oxford, and was a distinguished scholar. He held a living in England, but, on the accession of Elizabeth, he retired to Louvain, and afterwards to Douay. He was instrumental in founding seminaries at Douay, Rheims, and Rome, for the purpose of supplying the Roman Catholics of England with trained priests.

It is enough to say of the Rhemish version that it retains all the corruptions, errors, and interpolations of the Vulgate. It was not the Latin text of Jerome which the Rhemish translators adopted as their standard, though even that, in Jerome's own opinion, was imperfect; but it was a text which, during a long course of ages, had gradually become more and more corrupt, until the Council of Trent was forced tacitly to acknowledge its defects. Yet with a strange disregard alike to criticism and history, the translators say that the Latin they adopt "is not only better than all other Latin translations, but than the Greek text itself in those places where they disagree." The language of the Rhemish version is barbarous, many of its words are unintelligible to ordinary readers, and many of its renderings grossly erroneous. A few examples will suffice to establish these statements: Heb. xi. 21, "And adored the top of his rod;" Rev. ii. 21, "And I gave her time that she might do penance;" Rev. vi. 11,

* See Westcott, p. 132; Strype's "Parker," i. 416.
LIVING AGE. VOL. XVII. 760

"And white stoles were given, to every one of them one;" Phil. ii. 7, "And he exanited himself;" Gal. v. 4, "You are evacuated from Christ;" Eph. vi. 12, "Against the rectors of the world of this darkness, against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestialis;" 1 Tim. vi. 20, "O Timothee, keep the depositum;" Heb. xiii. 16, 17, "and beneficence and communication do not forget; for with such hostes God is promerited. Obey your Prelates, and be subject to them;" Rom. viii. 18, "For I think that the passions of this time are not condigne to the glorie to come that shall be revealed in us;" 1 Cor. v. 7, "Purge the old leaven, that you may be a new paste, as you are azyms. For our Pasche, Christ, is immolated." What possible meaning could ordinary readers extract from such language? It is only too evident that the version was made rather to cloak than to reveal the meaning of Scripture. Many single terms are so rendered in the text, and so interpreted in the notes, as to pervert the plain sense. One great object the translators had in view evidently was, to propagate the false and pernicious dogmas of Popery, by comments which have been well described as "a mass of bigotry, sophistry and unfairness."*

In the year 1609 a version of the Old Testament, made from the Vulgate, and similar in character to the Rhemish translation of the New, was published by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church at Douay. An example or two will best show in what style the translation was made. Psalm lviii. 10, "Before your thorns did understand the old briar; as living so in wrath he swalloweth them." Isaiah ix. 6, "For a little child is born to us and a son is given to us, and principality is made upon his shoulder." Dan. ix. 18, "For neither in our justifications do we prostrate prayers before thy face, but in thy many commiserations." Even thoughtful Roman Catholic scholars have in some cases shown their disapproval of this crude and barbarous translation, by quoting from the Authorized Version in preference.†

Soon after the accession of James I. to the throne, a conference of the leading clergy was held at Hampton Court (in January, 1604) "for the determining of things

pretending to be amiss in the Church;" and it was there agreed, on the suggestion apparently of Dr. Reynolds, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, that a new version of the Bible should be prepared, under the supervision of the representatives of Church and State. The king, after due inquiry on the part of the prelates of the Church, and the heads of the two Universities, was advised to nominate fifty-four of the first scholars of the kingdom to the work. The list was completed and ratified on June 30, 1604. The nominations appear to have been made without regard to sect or party, and solely on the ground of eminent qualifications. The higher Church party had their representatives in L. Andrews, Barlowe, and Ravis; those of more moderate views, and semi-Puritan tendency, had theirs in Reynolds, Chaderton (or Chatterton) and Lively; while the learned, independent of any party were represented by such men as Saville, de Saravia and Bedwell. Canon Westcott's estimate of the staff of revisers is just: "Of these scholars," he says, "many (as Andrews, Overall, Saville and Reynolds) have obtained an enduring reputation apart from this common work in which they were associated. Others, whose names are less familiar, were distinguished for special acquirements requisite for their task. Lively, Spalding, King and Byng were successively professors of Hebrew at Cambridge, and Harding and Kilbye at Oxford. Harmer and Perin were professors of Greek at Oxford, and Downes at Cambridge; Bedwell was the most distinguished Arabic scholar of the time. Saravia was an accomplished modern linguist. Thompson (Camb.), Chatterton, Smith and Boys were equally distinguished for their knowledge of ancient languages."* The competency of such men for the work assigned to them no scholar will question. Had the critical apparatus we now possess been in their hands, so as to enable them to elaborate a pure Hebrew and Greek text, and to apply to its elucidation all the resources of grammar and philology, ere they proceeded to revise the English, we should have inherited from them a version which probably never could have been surpassed. In addition to scholarship, they had the indispensable qualification of being deeply imbued with the spirit of the sacred writers. They were not more eminent for learning than for piety.

Before commencing their labours they received a code of instructions in substance as follows: 1. The *Bishops' Bible* to form

* In proof the student is referred to the notes on the following passages; Luke xvii. 14, Heb. xi. 21, Acts xvii. 34, 1 Tim. v. 15, Rom. v. 14, Luke xxii. 31, Matt. xii. 32, Acts ix. 39, John xx. 23, John v. 39.

† Such as desire to see a full exposure of its erroneous renderings and sophistical notes, may consult Fulke's *Defence of the English Translations* (London, 1617), and Cartwright's *Confutation* (London, 1615).

* "Hist. of English Bible," p. 149.





the basis, and to be as little altered as the originals would permit. 2. The proper names to be retained as near as possible. 3. The old ecclesiastical words such as *Church* (instead of *congregation*) to be kept. 4. When a word had different meanings, that was to be kept which best accorded with the use of the Fathers, the propriety of the place, and the analogy of faith. 5. The division of chapters to remain. 6. No marginal notes to be affixed, except for the explanation of Hebrew and Greek words. 8. Every man of each company first to translate or revise all given to that company; then the company to meet and decide what should stand. 6. Each section thus revised to be sent to each of the other companies for examination. 10. Any company, upon examination of the section so sent, objecting to words or phrases, to note them and send them back with their reasons for objecting. If not accepted, the disputed passages to be reserved for a general meeting of the leading translators. 11. When any place of special obscurity is doubted of, men of known learning, wherever found, to be consulted. 12. Bishops and clergy to be informed of the proposed work, and all such persons as are noted for learning to be requested to forward hints or suggestions to the translators. 14. The following translations to be used, when they agree better with the original than the Bishops' Bible: 1. Tyndale's; 2. Matthew's; 3. Coverdale's; 4. Whitchurch's (*The Great Bible*); 5. The Geneva.

Of the fifty-four scholars originally nominated, only forty-seven undertook the task. They were divided into six classes, and were appointed to sit — two classes at Westminster, two at Oxford, and two at Cambridge. The presidents, classes, and arrangement of books were as follows: — *Westminster*. 1. Dr. Lancelot Andrews, Dean of Westminster, afterwards successively Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, a profound linguist. To this company, ten in number, were assigned the books of Genesis to 2 Kings. 2. Dr. William Barlowe, Dean of Chester, afterwards Bishop of Rochester and Lincoln. This company numbered seven in all, and revised Romans to Jude. *Oxford*. 1. Dr. John Harding, Regius Professor of Hebrew, afterwards President of Magdalen College. This company consisted of seven men, and revised Isaiah to Malachi. 2. Dr. Thomas Ravis, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards successively Bishop of Gloucester and London. In his company were Dr. Peryn, Professor of Greek, Dr. Harmer, ex-Pro-

fessor, and five others. To it were assigned Matthew to Acts, and the Book of Revelation. *Cambridge*. Edward Lively, Regius Professor of Hebrew. He died in 1605. His place was probably taken by Dr. R. Spalding, who succeeded him in the Professorship. To this company, eight in number, were consigned 1 Chronicles to Ecclesiastes. 2. Dr. John Duport, Master of Jesus College. In this company was the celebrated scholar John Boys, or Bois, and five others: to it was assigned the Apocrypha.

When the work had begun it was found necessary to add an additional rule, to the effect that "three or four of the most ancient and grave divines in either of the Universities, not employed in translating, be assigned by the Vice-Chancellor, upon conference with the rest of the Heads, to be overseers of the translations, as well Hebrew as Greek, for the better observation of the Fourth rule." All the arrangements were completed in 1604, and many of those nominated appear to have entered immediately upon their duties with praiseworthy ardour; but the classes were not called together, and the formal work of translation and revision was not commenced till 1607, and it was not completed till 1610. In the latter year three copies of the entire Scriptures, revised by each class, were sent to London — one from Westminster, one from Oxford, and one from Cambridge. Here a committee of six delegates, two from each place where the classes met, reviewed, revised, and arranged the whole materials. Among them were Boys and Downes, whose qualifications for such a task were pre-eminent. It appears that six others were added to the delegates, doubtless to consult with and assist them; but their names are not known. They laboured during nine months, meeting in Stationers' Hall, and receiving for their support a small weekly pension. The manuscript, revised and completed by them, was handed to Dr. Miles Smith, who, aided by Bilson, Bishop of Winchester, prepared it for the press, and corrected the proofs. Smith was a profound Oriental scholar, and discharged his duties with singular ability. He was commissioned to write the Preface, and he has given us in it, after a short history and defence of former versions, a very clear and satisfactory account of the mode in which the whole work was conducted, and the time and pains expended upon it. Unfortunately, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained in our Bibles, this important Preface is generally omitted. Though somewhat quaint and pedantic, it contains a vast mass of interesting information, and throws clear

light on some of the peculiarities of our version. At length, in 1611, the first edition of THE AUTHORIZED VERSION was published in one large black-letter folio, "*Imprinted at London by Robert Barker.*"

As the manner in which it was prepared and the materials made use of must always be subjects of special interest to the student of Biblical literature and to the general public, a brief account of them will now be given. Dr. Smith says in his Preface: "Truly we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good one; but to make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against — that hath been our endeavour, that our mark." The translators acknowledged the general faithfulness and substantial accuracy of the versions of Tyndale and Coverdale, and of the revised editions made by the English Bishops and the Genevan exiles. They had in these a solid basis; and their task was to examine, collate, and critically revise, so as to bring the version into closer and fuller conformity with the originals. With what care and labour they accomplished this task Dr. Smith further indicates: "Neither did we run over the work with that posting haste that the Septuagint did, if that be true which is reported of them, that they finished it in seventy-two days; neither were we barred or hindered from going over it again, having once done it. . . . None of these things: the work hath not been huddled up in seventy-two days, but hath cost the workmen the pains of twice seven times seventy-two days, and more." The entire time spent upon it was about seven years. Three years, 1604-1607, were occupied in preliminary arrangements, and individual investigation on the part of the fifty-four scholars nominated, and numerous others whom they consulted. Three years more were occupied in the systematic and united work of the six classes. Each member of each class translated all the books entrusted to the class; then the whole class met, and, after calm and thorough revision, adopted a common text; then that text was transmitted in succession to each of the other classes for revision; then a text of the whole Bible, approved by the entire six classes, was submitted to the final revision of six elected delegates, with six consulting assistants, and their approved manuscript was placed in the skilful hands of Dr. Smith finally to examine and prepare it for the press. A more complete system could not have been invented. When we consider the varied

learning of the translators as linguists, naturalists, antiquarians, historians — when we consider the time occupied, and the repeated revision of the work by individuals, by classes, and by the united body — we cannot wonder that the result was so eminently satisfactory.

The translators did not confine their attention to English, nor even to modern versions. "Neither did we think much," says Dr. Smith, "to consult the translators or commentators, Chaldee, Hebrew, Syrian, Greek, or Latin; no, nor the Spanish, French, Italian, or Dutch; neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see." A close and critical examination of the *Athorized Version*, and a comparison of it with the previous English and other translations, show that Dr. Smith's words are strictly true. Every verse appears to have been weighed with scrupulous care, and everything tending to make the translation more literal, more plain, more terse and forcible, was adopted. The original texts were always the final standards of appeal; but in investigating the real sense every assistance, from whatever quarter, from versions ancient and modern, was made use of; and in expressing that sense in vigorous, idiomatic English, words and phrases were freely taken from others. Even the Rhemish version of the New Testament supplied a number of expressive words of Latin origin, and a few happy renderings. The Genevan was largely drawn upon. "The chief influence of the Rhemish version," Mr. Westcott well observes, "was upon the vocabulary of the revisers, that of the Genevan version on the interpretation."* In the old Testament the Antwerp Polyglott, published in 1569-72, rendered essential service, especially its sixth volume, which contains the very accurate interlinear Latin translation of the Hebrew text by Arias Montanus. The Latin version of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, published a few years later (1579) by Tremellius and Junius, was also consulted, and furnished some excellent renderings. For faithfulness and perspicuity this version has never been surpassed. The Latin translation of Castalio, begun at Geneva in 1542 and finished at Basle in 1550 (published 1551), was

likewise used, as was that which bears the name of Leo Juda (Tiguri, 1543). Dr. Smith mentions the *Spanish, French, Italian, and German* versions as having been consulted. He doubtless refers to the Spanish of Cassiodore de Reyna, translated from the original and printed at Basle in 1569; to the French of Olivetan, revised by Calvin, and afterwards more fully by the College of Pastors and Professors at Geneva, and published in 1558; to the Italian of Diodati, translated at Geneva, and published in 1607; and to the German of Luther and the Swiss-German, published at Zurich, under the care of Leo Juda, in 1529. In the New Testament the admirable Latin version of Beza, first published by Robert Stephen at Geneva, in 1556, was used in bringing out the nicer shades of meaning, which previous English translators had sometimes overlooked. Not only was the sense of the originals faithfully studied, but the selection of words and phrases, and the structure and rhythm of sentences, best calculated to give force and beauty to the version, were watched with the most scrupulous care. Every clause, and indeed every word, was anxiously weighed, and no point was considered too minute for the keen, critical eyes of the laborious and conscientious revisers. The italics and marginal readings show how anxious they were to bring the reader into contact with the very letter of the originals. By the *italics* he could see at a glance any word inserted for explanation, and which had no direct representative in the Hebrew or Greek.* By the marginal reading he could see where, after all research and study, a doubt as to the best rendering still remained on the authors' minds. Of the latter, Dr. Smith writes in the Preface: "There be many words in the Scripture, which be never found there but once, so that we cannot be holpen by conference of places. Again, there be many rare names of certain birds, beasts and precious stones, &c., concerning which the Hebrews themselves are so divided among themselves for judgment, that they may seem to have defined this or that, rather because they would say something, rather than because they were sure of that which they said. Now, in such a case, doth not a margin do well to admonish the reader to seek further, and not to conclude or dogmatize on this or that peremptorily?"

The above facts show at what an extraordinary cost of time, labour, anxious

care, and scholarship, our English Bible has been produced. It is the result of a century of toil and study. About the year 1511 Tyndale appears to have seriously turned his thoughts to the translation of the Scriptures: in the year 1611 the *Authorized Version* was published. During the interval the work not only occupied the attention of the ripest scholars in England, but it was aided, directly or indirectly, by the most accomplished Biblical critics in Europe. It is in no respect sectarian. It has seized and appropriated all that is best and purest, wherever its source. Its history, when known, cannot fail to infuse into the mind a deeper veneration for it, and a fuller confidence in its faithfulness. There is a romance in some of the incidents of that long history, and a pathos in some of its tragic scenes, which fix it indelibly on the memory, and endear it to the heart of the Christian. The men who laid the foundation of our English Bible were thoroughly in earnest. They were moved to their work, and sustained in it by a higher than human power. Hardships, persecution, even death itself, did not shake their firm resolve to give to their country the pure Word of God. Tyndale, Rogers, and Cranmer became martyrs to that noble resolution: and in a spirit worthy of those holy men, the Translators of the *Authorized Version* introduced the finished work to their readers: "It remaineth," they write, "that we commend thee to God, and to the Spirit of His grace, which is able to build farther than we can ask or think. He removeth the scales from our eyes, the veil from our hearts, opening our wits that we may understand his word, enlarging our hearts, yea correcting our affections, that we may love it to the end. O receive not so great things in vain: O despise not so great salvation."

The *Authorized Version* has been examined by the ablest scholars and critics in this and other lands, and all have combined in bearing testimony to its general faithfulness, and its extraordinary force and beauty. "The style of our present version," says Bishop Middleton, is "incomparably superior to anything which might be expected from the finical and perverted style of our age. It is simple, it is harmonious, it is energetic." It has drawn forth glowing panegyrics even from Roman Catholic divines. Geddes thus writes:—"The highest eulogiums have been pronounced on the translation of James I., both by our own writers and by foreigners; and indeed if accuracy, fidelity, and the strictest attention to the letter of the text, be sup-

* The original edition of 1611 was printed in *black letter*, and the supplemental words, now printed in *italics*, were in small Roman letter.

posed to constitute the qualities of an excellent version, this, of all versions, must, in general, be accounted the most excellent. Every sentence, every word, every syllable, every letter and point seems to have been weighed with the nicest exactitude, and expressed, either in the text or margin, with the greatest precision." Still more remarkable is the testimony of one of the most distinguished scholars who has left the Church of England for that of Rome: "Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things instead of words; it is a part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness; the memory of the dead passes into it; the potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses; the power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words . . . In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

"Yet still our English Bible is a human work, and it exhibits some of those imperfections which necessarily belong to everything human. To point out all its imperfections would require a critical examination of each book. To particularize them is not our object here. Our object is rather to indicate their general character, and the sources from which they mainly spring; and thus to guide and stimulate to fuller investigation, and more thorough critical study, those who desire to make our noble version still more worthy of the confidence of all classes of Christians.

The primary source of imperfection in the Authorized Version is the state of the text from which it was made. The Hebrew text of the Old Testament has comparatively few defects. The Jews preserved and copied it with scrupulous care; and the recension of the Masorites was so thorough, and so conscientiously minute, that little room has been left for emendation; and what emendation an advancing criticism has rendered necessary might be effected by a skilful use of the materials embodied in the Hebrew Bible of Kennicott, the "Varia Lectiones" of De Rossi, and the works of some more recent Hebrew critics. But the case is very different with the "Textus Receptus" of the New Testament. Greek Biblical Criticism has made great progress during the past half century. Ancient

manuscripts of the highest authority have been discovered, others long known have been more fully collated. No critical scholar would now adopt the Greek Text which the authors of the Authorized Version had before them. It is well known that some passages in it are interpolations;* that others are seriously corrupted;† and that a few in the Book of Revelation are not original.‡ The manuscript of that book on which Erasmus based his text was defective, the last six verses were entirely wanting; he admits that he supplied them by translating the words of the Vulgate into Greek, and his translation has been in part retained in the "Textus Receptus." The labours of Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and others, have now to a great extent prepared the way for the removal of interpolations and corruptions, and for the elaboration of such a text as would form a sound basis for the revision of our English New Testament.

The grammatical knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek languages is much more thorough than it was in the 16th and 17th centuries, and the apparatus for their critical study is far more complete. The peculiarities of Hellenistic Greek especially have of late been systematically investigated and developed by some of the most acute scholars in Britain. By these means we are now able to detect grammatical inaccuracies in our version which mar its beauty, and sometimes obscure, if they do not even pervert, its sense.§ The finer shades of meaning, especially in the Epistles of Paul, are occasionally lost, by a failure on the part of our old translators to perceive, or at any rate to express, the precise force and bearing of a tense, or a case, or a particle.|| The scholarship of such men as Ellicott, Wordsworth, Alford and Lightfoot, in this country, and of Meyer, Wieseler, Schott, and Harless in Germany, gives fair hope that the time is not far distant when, in regard to sound critical exegesis, the New Testament at least may be successfully revised.

Again, in our version it often occurs that one Hebrew or Greek word, when frequently repeated, is represented by several English words: while, on the other hand, two or more Hebrew or Greek words, entirely distinct in sense, are represented by one English word. The real meaning

* e. g. 1 John v. 7; John v. 4; Acts viii. 37, &c.

† 1 Tim. iii. 16; Matt. xix. 17; 1 Pet. iii. 15, &c.

‡ xiv. 1; xxii. 14.

§ e. g. Matt. xxv. 8, "Are gone out;" Luke v. 7, "Their net brake;" John viii. 58, "Before Abraham was (*γενεσθαι*), I am (*ειμι*)," &c.

|| See examples in 1 Tim. vi. 5; 2 Cor. vii. 10; Rom. v. 1, &c.

of Scripture is thus often misrepresented, and the English reader has no means of removing or even perceiving the error. The original translators appear to have been to some extent conscious of this, for Dr. Smith says in his Preface: "Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words." The time has surely come when this pregnant source of error should be removed. No Biblical scholar can question its evil effects. To see them he has only to look at such passages as the following:—Rom. iv., where λογίζομαι is rendered "count," "impute," and "reckon," and the force and precision of the Apostle's reasoning is thereby in a great measure lost; John xvi. 23, where two Greek words (*ἐπορεύεσθε* and *ἀλθόντες*) of different significations are rendered by the one term "ask"; Psalm xxx. 3 and xvi. 10, where the same Hebrew word is translated in the one place "grave," in the other "hell," while it means neither the one nor the other; Matt. xxiii. 33 and Acts ii. 31, where two distinct Greek words (*γένηται* and *ἔσθαι*) are rendered by the one English word "hell." These are but types of a class of errors which the works of Trench, Webster, Scrivener, Keil, and others, will contribute largely to remedy.

Critical scholars know, moreover, that the exact lexical and grammatical meaning of Greek and Hebrew words has, in some instances, been strangely mistaken or overlooked by our translators; and charges have occasionally been brought against the Divine authority of Scripture founded on these very blunders. We may instance the wrong translation in Exodus xi. 2, and the mistake in rendering the Hiphil form in Leviticus iv. 12 (it should be "he shall cause to be carried forth"). So in Heb. x. 23, *ἐλπίς* is rendered "faith"; and in Col. i. 15, *πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως* is rendered "the first-born of every creature," thus tending to obscure the doctrine of our Lord's divinity.* The use and force of the article in the New Testament have to a large extent been overlooked by our translators and many passages therefore seem weak and almost meaningless which in the original are full of force and significance.

One other defect may be noticed. Words and idioms occur which have either become obsolete and therefore unintelligible to those for whose benefit the version was mainly designed, or they have become, in

our more scrupulous age, indecent, and therefore obnoxious to people of refined taste. Every parent is conscious of this when reading the Bible with his children; and clergymen are not unfrequently pained and embarrassed by it in conducting the worship of the sanctuary. Mr. Malan justly observes: "By far the greater portion of desirable emendations in the English Bible consists in expressions unfit for public, and unnecessary for private, use; which in no wise affect the sense of the text; and which, therefore, may be altered, not only with impunity, but even with advantage."†

These errors and blemishes, and such as these, might be removed, and ought to be removed. It is positive unfaithfulness on the part of those who have ability and opportunity to decline the task. The Word of God, just because it is God's Word, ought to be presented to every reader in a state as pure and perfect as human learning, skill, and taste, can make it. The higher our veneration for it the more anxious ought we to be to free it from every blemish however small and unimportant. But nothing, in truth, can be unimportant which dims the light of Divine Revelation. "If," says Bishop Ellicott, "we are truly and heartily persuaded that there are errors and inaccuracies in our version, if we know that by far the best and most faithful translation the world has ever seen still shares the imperfection that belongs to every human work however noble and exalted—if we feel and know that these imperfections are no less patent than remediable, then surely it is our duty to Him who gave that blessed Word for the guidance of man, through evil report and good report, to labour by gentle counsels to supply what is lacking and correct what is amiss, to render what has been blessed with great measures of perfection yet more perfect, and to hand it down thus marked with our reverential love and solicitude as the best and most blessed heritage we have to leave to them who shall follow us."‡

But it has been said revision will unsettle the popular mind, will shake the confidence of the Christian public in our Authorized Version. We believe it will have the very opposite effect. The popular mind has already been thoroughly roused, if not unsettled. The confidence of the Christian public must be already shaken by the statements and admissions made on all sides. Has any scholar ventured to deny that there

* Other examples may be seen in Matt. xxviii. 19, 20; 2 Tim. i. 7; 2 Cor. vii. 10.

† "Vindication of the English Bible," p. 346.

‡ Preface to "Pastoral Epistles," p. xlii.

are errors in our Authorized Version? Is it not so that each new commentator, in order to bring out the full meaning of Scripture, is obliged to make a version of his own? Is not every Biblical critic compelled honestly to admit that our English Bible is capable of improvement? These facts are known to the public. They have been discussed in Convocation. They have been paraded in the pages of our periodicals, and the columns of our newspapers. Is it wise, therefore, while acknowledging imperfection and confessing error, to shrink from and even denounce, revision? We believe that no course could be more calculated to unsettle the popular mind. It must create in thoughtful men feelings of distrust. Will they not naturally ask, Are favourite doctrines at stake? Are the foundations of our faith in danger? If not, then why not consent to revision, so that acknowledged obscurities may be cleared away, and palpable errors removed? We are convinced that a scholarly revision would be the very best safeguard against the dreaded evils, for it would show authoritatively that our Version is *substantially* correct.

Those who oppose revision seem to be ignorant of the fact that the authors of our Version disclaimed all idea of infallibility, admitted defects, and invited scholars of succeeding ages to aid in perfecting their work. They seem to forget, also, that the Version has already undergone some considerable revision. Let any one compare the original edition of 1611, Dr. Blayney's Standard folio of 1769, and the last Oxford reprint. He will be astonished at the changes which have been introduced. The words printed in Italics have been largely altered; marginal readings have been added; old forms of words, and occasionally expressions, have been modernized. These changes have escaped the notice of the great body of Christians; and so also would most of those which any competent band of revisers would now introduce.

The task of revision is confessedly a difficult one. It must be conducted under the guidance of genuine scholarship, combined with refined taste, sanctified wisdom, and absolute freedom from prejudice. The leading rule throughout should be, that no change be made in the Authorized Version except where palpable error exists, or where the rendering obscures the sense of the original. The pedantry that would discard the homely but vigorous Saxon, and employ Latinized terms and phraseology, or that would sacrifice English idiom to slavish literalism, could not be tolerated. It must not be forgotten that the English Bible is the

patrimony of the whole English people. Protestants who speak our language, in whatever part of the world they dwell, claim and have an interest in it. Their claim must be recognized and respected. Revision must be so conducted as to command their confidence; it must be above suspicion of reflecting the views of any sect, party, or school of theology. Dean Alford has said "that no new rendering is safe until it has gone through many brains, and been thoroughly sifted by differing perceptions and tastes." We would add that to be generally acceptable, as well as safe, each new rendering must be viewed and moulded with scrupulous care from different ecclesiastical stand-points.

We believe, therefore, that revision can only be attempted under the direction of a Royal Commission, which should be instructed to select a body of competent scholars—representative men—from every section of Protestants in these lands, and to invite others from America to co-operate. The results of their revision ought, in the first place, to be published separately, and copies sent to heads of churches, to universities and colleges, and to leading Biblical scholars in all countries. Criticisms and suggestions should be invited. Then, after allowing sufficient time for full consideration on the part of all interested, the Revising Body might calmly and thoroughly review the whole, and recommend what they saw fit for adoption.

Meantime care must be taken on the part of those who desire to further the work, especially on the part of leaders in the Church, not to excite unnecessary alarm. It is a revision we advocate, not a new translation. We would protest against "sending our Bible into the crucible to be melted down and recast." We deprecate the sweeping statements made in some recent speeches and pamphlets. It has been said, for example, that "to correct every error in the Authorized Version would involve the necessity of a constant course of revision and alteration," and that it would "very materially alter the general character of the text of Scripture." Thorough Biblical critics know that these are grievous exaggerations, and that such language is calculated not only to leave a wrong impression and create a false issue, but to excite grave apprehension in the minds of the Christian laity of England. We must win confidence by gentle wisdom. We must allay false and foolish fears by showing how comparatively little there is to amend. For, after all, notwithstanding numerous errors, blemishes, and archaisms, the Au-

thorized Version is still pre-eminent. It has many noble qualities. In the simplicity and chasteness of its style, combined with general dignity and vigour of expression, it has never been equalled. There is no straining after effect. It has all the Saxon purity of the classic age of English literature; and, besides, it has become a part of the national mind. It pervades the whole literature of the country. Its pithy sentiments, its pointed proverbs, its happy turns of expression, its noble figures are on every lip. The press, the pulpit, private devotion have made it so familiar, that no great change would be tolerated, even were it desirable or necessary. It has entered into the very hearts of the people. It is interwoven with all that is noblest and purest in our national literature. And, what is of incalculable importance in these days, it forms the one indissoluble link of union

between different sects and rival communions, and it contributes to bind us together as a Protestant nation, by a tie which even the strife of party and the war of politics cannot sever. Its blemishes, too, numerous as we acknowledge them to be, change no fact, alter no precept, obscure no doctrine. They slightly mar the surface, and this with delicate hand we ought to remedy; but they do not mar the exquisite symmetry, nor touch the firm foundation of revealed Truth. View it as a whole, our Authorized Version is well nigh perfect. To the eye of the critic a word may be out of place, the beauty of a sentence may be spoiled by an archaism, a human corruption may be here and there rudely inserted, a fragment of a precept or promise may be misplaced or wanting; but the Divine Word itself is there in all its substantial integrity.

BRAGGARTS AND THEIR MONEY.

DATING from Berlin a Foreign Office-r reports that:—

"A good deal of the present dearness of living is attributable to the number of Americans, who are accustomed to the high paper prices of their own country, and are too apt to observe that everything is very cheap, which induces shopkeepers to raise their prices accordingly."

Saying to a shopkeeper that his goods are very cheap is another way of telling him that you have lots of money, and in fact of boasting idly of your wealth. Nothing is more snobbish than to brag about the fulness of one's purse. Men who do so hardly can be said to make an empty boast, although it is quite true they make an empty-headed one. It is worse than for a lord to brag about his title, for such a braggart act can scarcely hurt his neighbours; whereas, by raising prices, boasters of their riches much injure poorer folk. The game of brag is popular in the United States, but when played in the above way on this side of the Atlantic, it thoroughly deserves to be indicted as a nuisance.

Punch.

It is stated that the Russian Government has announced that women will hereafter be admitted to medical schools and to medical practice. The origin of this concession is remarkable. Formerly it was found that the Cossacks objected to being attended by male physicians. On investigation it was discovered that they held a superstition concerning all diseases, and that their only ideas of remedial agents related

to the incantations, charms, and holy herbs administered by witches. For ages the witch had been their physician, and the tradition was so strong that a few years ago, when some ladies applied to the Government for admission to the chief medical school of St. Petersburg, a few of them were admitted on condition that they would pursue their practice among the Cossacks. It was evidently intended to supersede the "witches." As the measure did not bring about any universal thaw and dissolution of the empire it seems to have been followed by a larger and more unconditional concession.

Pall Mall Gazette.

TO APRIL.

Come, Soul of Youth! the wintry hours are told;
With Love's impatience, Earth would see thy face
Gleam through the mists that melt in sunny space:
She longs for thee with yearnings manifold.
Come, decked with beauty that can ne'er grow old,
And, smiling, bless each lone and dreary place
Until it blossoms into perfect grace;
While quick-pulsed Air laughs lightly to behold.
O fairest April! rainbow of the year!
The glory of sweet hope is in thine eyes;
Thy breath perfumes the happy atmosphere
As fragrance borne from distant Paradise:
For very joy of life, thou needs must weep
To wake the roses on thy breast that sleep.

Tinsley's Magazine.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PICNIC ON BEN-Y-GAIR.

FORTUNATELY all went well, and Mr. Childersleigh went down to Scotland. Very early morning on the 11th of August saw him emerge from the inn where he had slept, to take his seat on the hybrid conveyance, looking an omnibus and christened a mail-cart, that passed Killoden gate. "Rin them out, Tonal, said the half-groom, half-gillie who drove, to his under-strapper, with the swagger of the coachman of the Salisbury "Highflyer," regarding the half-starved screws with looks of honest pride; and away they rattled along the street of the old-fashioned Highland burgh, the charioteer and Hugh, and a couple of plaid-swathed south-country shepherds, huddled up together on the narrow box-seat. A toppling avalanche of promiscuous packages, culminating in a ponderous coil of galvanized wire and an eighteen-gallon cask of sheep-shearing fluid, threatened them from behind, while beneath their feet, among the parcels in the yawning boot, a couple of pointers and a petulant half-caste colley fought and growled and slept by turns.

Sams, fortunately for himself, was not of the party. As for his master, although starting at an hour so maternal as to preclude all idea of breakfast, and contorted into an attitude uncomfortable enough to gratify the spiritual pride of a Fakir, on the whole he thoroughly enjoyed it all. Never in his life before had he breathed an air so fresh, for never in his life had he been penned so long in cities. The horses broke into their very best shambling gallop along the bit of level that stretched by the weed-strewn beach, whence you looked away to the dim hills in the distance over the rippling expanse of blue, blotched by the brown-sailed herring-boats. Thence they turned inland, passing venerable rookeries, and more venerable mansions with the grey smoke curling up from the chimneys in the stirless air; between the trim beech-hedges, under the covers sloping from the heather hills to the meadows and the cornland; sometimes dipping sharp with both wheels locked, but for the most part pulling more or less stiffly against the collar; crossing bridges flung over chasms where the summer-dwindled streams fretted far down below in their beds of rock, and the salmon, baulked by the too formidable leaps, lolled lazily up to the flies in the transparent pools; past sedge-fringed lakes dotted over with duck and eot, the birds at the noise of the grinding wheels skimming the still surface like

grape-shot; till, always mounting, forest-trees gave place to fir, and fir again to the natural birch-glades. Then the road stole its upward way through a chaos of granite-boulders cropping out among the rank beds of bracken and bramble, while over them the white birch-stems gleamed and glistened to the morning sun, their grey-green tresses weeping in the morning dew and trembling in the morning air.

A harder pull yet and a sharper turn, and Loch Loden lay below, playing in and out among the feet of the mountains that cast their shadows on its bosom; with the lodge cowering down on a nook of natural lawn that ran back from the fringe of gravel beach. Like an intelligent man who understood his business, the architect had subordinated the beautiful to the safe and snug, and left his handiwork as little of a blot on the picturesque face of surrounding nature as circumstances admitted. You saw a broad-eaved, low-roofed, comfortable two-storied dwelling, with its stout double casements, and its glass-covered storm-gallery running along the lake front and sheltering the sitting-rooms.

While the traveller was looking affectionately and hungrily down upon the scene from above, the descending vehicle had already been sighted from below. Sir Basil, in a shooting-dress—with little left about him of the banker but some lingering stiffness of manner, collar and tie, was standing by his gate hospitably expectant. His hearty welcome carried Hugh back to the old school-days when he used to jump down there, beside himself with Highland air and glorious anticipations of fun. Indeed, it was mainly for the pleasure of those old associations he had travelled as he had done in the comfortless mail-cart.

"Delighted to see you, Hugh, my boy. We didn't wait breakfast. Killoden appetites, as you ought to know, won't bear regulating by Highland mails. We communicated with the kitchen, though, the moment we caught sight of you, and there are the girls all ready to give you your tea." While the lounging gillies, bustling into life, were descending the paraphernalia, Sir Basil hurried him on to where he had seen muslins and ribbons fluttering in the porch. The young ladies were as blooming as anything he had passed that morning, and beamed nearly as bright a welcome on him as the Highland weather. George, hospitably practical, cut the greetings short, sympathetically dragging his friend off to the breakfast-room.

"Now, Maude, I daresay Hugh's quite ready to listen while you talk, if you only

make him comfortable. You may as well get to work on that pie of Morell's, Hugh, while hoping for other things. Ah! here they come. Which will you begin with, the bacon, the Finnan haddocks, or the kipper? Or stay, just make a sweep of these few chops before they cool. Don't be afraid of them; they don't come from the Cheviots, my *bêtes blanches*. I insisted on the governor importing a score of the small blackfaced this season for our own private breakfast-table."

So, with George heaping his plates, Maude filling his cup, and Lucy pressed into the service too, laughingly arranging relays of scones and oatakes, cranberry preserve, and heather honey against what seemed the unlikely chance of his ever reaching them, Mr. Childersleigh, with a luxurious sense of well-being, basked in a Highland welcome, and revelled in a Highland breakfast.

Nor was that opening promise of his visit belied. What is rare enough in this chequered life, each day as it came more than realized the pleasurable anticipations with which he had set his face to the north. Killoden was a very pleasant house: every manner of luxury, and no sort of ceremony; while, as its inmates were town's-people spending their well-earned holiday in the country, they enjoyed proportionally the one and the other. "Upon my word, I envy you fellows this life of yours over here," McAlpine broke in, one evening he had been dining at the lodge, as the gentlemen sat over their wine.

"I'm sure I don't know why you should," returned George. "Putting the deer in Carradale out of the question, your shooting in Baragoil is as good as anything we have, except, perhaps, our best beat by the Blackwater. If I weren't fond of our place for its own sake, I'd change it against Baragoil any day."

"I wasn't speaking of your feathers or your fur. You young men never half appreciate the blessings you enjoy. I don't say a bachelor party is a bad thing in its season, in fine weather for instance. You keep your own hours, and settle comfortably to your dinner without letting the dishes cool while you talk, when you come home with the appetite you've hunted down on the hill. Even for a single wet day now and then it's all very well: you rest your muscles and you write your letters. But the second palls upon you, and the third is the very mischief. Nothing to fall back on but cigars and sherry, and shaking the barometer to persuade it to take a less desponding view of the weather and the situation. Now, none of us three have much of a lit-

erary bent, and if Jubbulpore had touched my liver, looking on at Rushbrook and Barington yawning duets would have given me chronic blue devils long before this."

"Well, but over here?"

"Over here! Why haven't you the ladies?" grumbled McAlpine. "Don't I tell you you know nothing whatever of your blessings?"

"I tell you what, McAlpine," said Hugh gravely, "you really ought to have advice; you look well enough, but I never saw a man so changed. Your liver may be all right enough, but your heart must be affected. I little thought I'd live to hear you talk sentimentally."

"You've lived to see a good many things you didn't dream of, Childersleigh, I suspect. I like to enjoy all the gifts of Providence, ladies among the rest—in their proper place, mind you: but if you go and repeat our conversation, as you're quite capable of doing, you needn't mention that reservation. If you had been out, as I have, for weeks at a time after *shikar* in the Wynaut jungle, with no society but niggers, you'd know the cheeriness of your quarters brightened up by light or ladies of an evening."

"After all this, Mr. McAlpine, I shall have less hesitation in pressing you to travel over your long seven miles of hill," said Sir Basil hospitably. "But suppose we join the ladies now; really you ought to tell them all this yourself."

"As you please, Sir Basil," returned the chieftain, with a grin; "only they would never believe me if I did. I'm a greatly misunderstood man. Even my chief, Hugh Childersleigh, there, as you see, knows little of me."

"We've brought you McAlpine, Maude, in most eloquent and sentimental vein. He's just been reading us a most uncalled-for lecture on our unappreciated blessings—blessings, in this instance, embodied in you and Miss Winter."

Thrown together for nearly three weeks in the close quarters of the lodge, Maude and Hugh had gradually been shaking themselves back into the old brotherly and sisterly footing. It was very hard for restraint and formality to hold their own against the easy manner of life at the lodge, within and without, where protracted *tele-à-tele*, row scrambles, impulsive hand-grasps, heap, asked for and given, were matters of daily and hourly recurrence. With George, too, treating Hugh as a brother, it was impossible always to remember that Maude was not a cousin at the very least. So in slips of the tongue, not perhaps altogether so invol-

untary as they seemed, "Maude" fell from the lips instead of "Miss Childersleigh," and the inevitable thaw had followed that breaking of the ice.

"To be sure," Hugh proceeded, "he rather spoiled the compliment by hinting you might become the reverse of blessings in anything but wet weather."

"All malice, and jealousy, and evil speaking, Miss Childersleigh. Don't you believe him. I'm always misinterpreted or misunderstood, as I told them. Why, we haven't above twice had more than three wet days running during the three weeks we've been here, yet as they tell you I've been quite unable to suppress my feelings."

"I'm very glad you betrayed them, for they are reciprocated, I assure you. Are they not, Lucy?"

"Unquestionably. Only Mr. McAlpine has the advantage of us. We can't very well go over to look for him at Baragoil, or even venture to speak so frankly as he does when he comes to see us here."

"No; that's very true," agreed Maude. "But if you feel so strongly as you say, Mr. McAlpine, why do you come so very seldom?"

"To find you out, every one of you, as I did last Wednesday week? It was as fine a scenting day as you'd wish to see, Miss Maude. A bright sun and a light breeze; the birds sitting as if they were on eggs; and Rushbrook there killed nineteen hares to his own gun before lunch in Strathcollin; while Barrington, at the back of Carramore, knocked over a yeld hind and a couple of stags, big as bullocks, heads like bison, brow, brae, and trae antlers; and I missed it all, coming after you, and went back as I came, without a glimpse at a soul of you."

"He came after Hugh, there, about some Cr dit Foncier business," laughed Rushbrook, "and used most unguarded language at being constrained to do it: nothing at all, however, to what he said when he came home, having found Hugh, and the butler, and the cellar-key all picnicking on the hill."

"Just what I tell you, Miss Maude," retorted McAlpine, waiving the special imputations; "you make a long eternal picnic of it for those fellows. One ought to take the rough with the smooth in this world; but, by Jove, you make it all smooth for them."

"You wouldn't have said so if you had seen our boots when we came down from the high beat on Ben-y-Gair yesterday; would he, George? As for his roughing it, as he calls it, will you believe it, Miss Win-

ter, he had grouse *salmi*, truffled and piping hot, a full half-a-dozen miles from the house the other day?"

"My medical men always have told me my constitution needs supporting. I've been accustomed to hot tiffins all my life," explained McAlpine, mildly.

"Really, I'm almost afraid, Mr. McAlpine, after all we hear," said Maude, "otherwise I should have asked you to spend to-morrow in Paradise — to come to a picnic with us at the Lady's Well."

"To-morrow did you say, Miss Childersleigh? Do you know I've grave doubts as to the weather? I didn't much like the look of it as we drove over this evening. I said so to Rushbrook."

"I can't say I've the slightest recollection of your saying anything of the sort, but I do know you had set your heart on stalking to-morrow in Carramore."

"I tell you what, McAlpine," interposed George, laughing, "if you care to come, we'll combine business with pleasure, and look up the ptarmigan. We can lunch early — call it breakfast, if you please — and afterwards have a long afternoon on Ben-y-Gair. What do you say?"

"Why, that I shall be delighted," returned the chieftain, promptly. "Don't you believe anything about my plans for stalking, Miss Childersleigh, or think the ptarmigan are the slightest inducement, although McLachlan does tell me they swarm this year on Ben-y-Gair. I'll come over to Eden with pleasure; that's to say, if Rushbrook and Barrington have made no other arrangements. They don't deserve consideration at my hands, yet I can't very well throw them over."

Those gentlemen, however, assured him they had no plans to disturb, and would like nothing so much as the picnic; so McAlpine, with an excellent grace, surrendered himself the victim of his civil speeches. The picnic became a settled thing, with the Lady's Well as the trysting-place. It bubbled up in Ben-y-Gair, some 3,000 feet above the sea, and coming from Killoden and Baragoil, you approached it from nearly opposite directions.

The group assembled next morning on the grass and gravel before Killoden Lodge formed a picture not unworthy, in its way, of its magnificent background. Seven or eight sleek, rough-coated mountain-ponies, their bright eyes staring through uncombed forelocks, one saddled for Sir Basil, two more for the ladies, the rest with pads and panniers; three or four boys, bare-headed, bare-legged, in weather-bleached kilts in attendance on them, their eyes as keen and

their elf-locks as innocent of comb as those of the "shelties;" McLachlan and half a score of gillies in their rough grey homespun, the shade of the rocks and sheep, and scores of objects in nature, animate and inanimate — a shade that blended the wearer into the landscape at an incredibly short distance. Wiry, good-humoured fellows they looked, with faces kindling at the prospect of the sport and the fun, and something of a common fiery tinge in the complexion and hair that told of temper as warm as their natures. McLachlan's huge black retriever, Bran, gravely did the honours of the green to the company from the house. He superintended the arrangements with the air of dignified ownership, by an all-the-year-round residence at the place, a dignity slightly compromised when he passed near one of the savoury packages that were spread out on the grass before being stowed away in the panniers. Smourash, the shaggy little fox-terrier, with no dignity at all to keep up, made not the slightest attempt to conceal his engrossing interest in the commissariat arrangements, and with one bloodshot eye half closed, and one wiry leg tucked up high in the air, stood sniffing with intense gusto at the wrappings of a venison pasty. Three couples of black and tan setters, mild-eyed silken-haired beauties, were admonished against the capital sin of *gourmandise* by an occasional jerk from the keepers who held them in leash.

The contingent the house contributed was a less characteristic one, although some of them were well worth the looking at. We have met all the party before, except an officer of Engineers, detached on ordnance survey duty, who, chancing to pass that morning on the mail-cart, on his way to look after some contouring, and visit a party of his men in Glen Doherty, had been waylaid and almost forcibly dragged off by the hospitable insistence of his acquaintance, Captain Childersleigh.

"Good morning, McLachlan," began the young lady of the house. "I told you we should have a lovely day."

"Deed then, Miss Maude, it's a grand morning, but I never like to see Ben-y-Gair with his night-cap on so late and the wind in the west."

"Nonsense, McLachlan; to hear you croak one would take you for a raven. Sir Basil says the glass is fixed at set fair."

"I'm thinking, Miss Maude, it'll be a south country glass, maybe, and not just altogether at home in Killoden yet. Not that I'm telling you it would be a bad day after all, only I wouldn't trust too much to it or to the glass either."

"Why, who would in this climate of yours, McLachlan? If you think you're not going to have my mackintosh cloak in charge as usual, you'll find out your mistake — here it comes."

The muscular Gael showed his white teeth in a paternal smile, as he threw the strap that secured the roll of cloak across the opposite shoulder to that which supported the stalking-glass without which he never stirred from his hearth.

"I'll do that, Miss Maude, though I will say for you, you never were frightened for hill weather yet. But if it does hold up to-day, it will be the better for you and the worse for the birds."

"If you don't mean to waste time, Maude, in making your peace with McAlpine when you get to the well, we had better be moving," broke in her brother.

"Why we never promised him his breakfast-lunch or lunch-breakfast, whichever you call it, before midday."

"And about cooling the wine then. You don't imagine an old Indian like him, a brace of Sybarites like Rushbrook and Barrington, to say nothing of reasoning beings like ourselves, will care to drink it mulled by a sun like this! It will be a very long couple of hours before the ponies land you and the luncheon. It's no light work for cavalry picking its way through the Red Moss, to say nothing of getting up the Giant's Staircase."

"Well, I see the panniers have swallowed the luncheon, and Lucy, I trust, has made her very last journey upstairs, and fetched the last of the things she has forgotten, so you'd better set the column in motion, and *en route, vieux grognard*."

Off the cavalcade started, intense excitement prevailing among those it left behind: maids flitting, half hidden, among the fir-trees, making the most of the break in the stagnation of their kitchen life, dogs dashing themselves against the pales of their kennels in mad paroxysms of jealousy. Long after the sound of voices and ring of pony-hoofs had died in the distance, the despairing howls of the deserted ones made morning hideous. Turning up from the road by the side of the low grey bridge, the party began to mount by the banks of the leaping stream. More from habit than to pilot a path, the ponies would trust no one to find for them. McLachlan strode on in advance, like the tambour-major of a *corps* of French sappers, flourishing in his hand the black oak sapling with the snaky head. Up, with many a slight trip and stumble even of the surefooted ponies, by heather and bog, by bog and heather; through the

red moss, where the eagles who made their eyrie in the north cliffs of Ben-y-Gair, were hunting on the hover overhead; and then, in a supreme struggle, up the Giant's Staircase, where it would have been no bad thing to have borrowed the eagles' wings. However, at last, the band of pleasure-bound pilgrims picked their way toilsomely along the face of the last gigantic step, and, rising the ridge of the *Col* above, the leading files opened out on the little meadow, the object of the expedition.

"There they are before us, and, for as prosaic a set of individuals as one is likely to meet, don't they group picturesquely, Miss Winter?" exclaimed Hugh. Miss Winter did not answer immediately, and he turned to look at her. The girl sat fairly entranced in admiration, her eyes most eloquently expressive, if her lips were closed. There was a grand effect to one unused to mountain scenery in that bit of soft green lawn, shut in by those weather-shivered mountain-walls, that towered up to meet the clear blue sky above. A group of half-savage sheep, scared out of their favourite grazing ground, plunged to their curling horns among the rocks and the heather, stood ready for further flight at a second's notice, and gazed shyly down on the intruders. Some rugged shadows from the rocks, some specks of floating brown from the rare fleecy clouds fell over the turf, and then there were the figures that clustered round the spring, laughing and sparkling in the middle of them, a diamond of the desert. Lucy had bent forward in her saddle, unconsciously tightening her grasp on the bridle, stopping her pony and the whole cavalcade as she contemplated the picture. No one but Hugh could see her face, but those she brought to a standstill behind her commented, of course, on her inaction.

"Fairy-stricken, Miss Winter?" shouted George, who was following her in exuberant spirits. "I should have thought those gross beings by the fountain were safe to have exorcised alike the spirits of earth and air."

Lucy started, and jerked vigorously at the bridle of her stiff-necked and hard-mouthed mount, who, having settled himself to cropping the grass with the true *carpe diem* promptitude of a mountain-bred beast, stolidly ignored the appeal. Hugh chivalrously came to the rescue, seized him by the head, and dragged him forcibly onward, paying himself, however, for his assistance by gazing admiringly in the rider's face. Colouring up in the consciousness of her display of sensibility, her face lighted with the glorious sun and the pleasure that had

not faded out before the blushes, never had Hugh seen her look half so pretty.

"Pretty! no, that's a blasphemous absurdity," he corrected himself, in soliloquy; "lovely I mean to say. I wonder if I ever shall get to know anything of that girl. She seems so quiet, so unimpressible, sometimes so expressionless, — and see there! Magnificent, is it not, Miss Winter?" he whispered, changing his tone, gently caressing the rough mane of the pony, and, perhaps, incidentally the gloved hand of the rider. For himself, he had a profound sympathy with nature in her changing moods; but, from habit and the dread of misappreciation, he locked it back in his bosom. Generally, he would as soon have thought of putting his thoughts in words as of whispering his heart secrets, if he had any, in the board-room at Lothbury. But a display of congenial feeling was apt to turn the key before he was well aware of its being touched, and, for the moment, he felt drawn to Lucy as he had never been before. And there was something in his tone that let her guess it. It pleased her to feel the distance that separated them shrink under the gentle influences of the moment; to see one of the barriers crumbling that her modest self-appreciation had raised; to know they had sympathies, and at least one secret in common.

"So grand and beautiful that it seems almost profanity breaking in on the solitude with this noisy picnic of ours. How foolish I am; but you won't betray me, Mr. Childersleigh, I'm sure," she added, appealingly.

"Betray you! not I, indeed, Miss Winter," and he threw more warmth, perhaps, than needful into the asseveration and the reassuring look that accompanied it. "It seems peaceful enough now, but you would tell a very different tale had you seen it, as I have, in an autumn storm."

"It is the idea of what it might be that impresses you, and awes you while you admire."

"Yes, it's savage nature in an enchanted calm. Beauty lulled to sleep in the arms of Terror. I suspect our advancing hampers are more welcome objects to those Philistines from Baragoil than Ben-y-Gair in all his glory," he added aloud, and in a very different key, while the rest of the party came crowding round them as they disengaged themselves from the defile and spread out over the green hollow.

Rushbrook came forward to welcome them, jodelling in the lightness of his heart. They might have been in the Forest cantons, treading by the hallowed fountains in

the classic meadows of Grütli: McAlpine, his foot set down on his native hills, in philabeg and martin-cat sporrán, although the former was of grey home-spun, and not of the gorgeous tartans woven by Clan Alpine's matrons; Barrington, in voluminous knickerbockers, looking ten years more juvenile than when we met him in M. Blanc's hospitable halls, a full year younger than at dinner the night before.

A jolly luncheon it was, and although all the men were *bons vivants* in their way — perhaps, if the truth were spoken, the ladies, too, according to their lights — not the least pleasant part was the preparations. Chablis, Leoville, and the domestic Bass cradled in the bed of the stream that rippled down from the fountain; Roederer and *Veuve Clicquot* sweltered in soaking swaddling bands in the hottest sun. Hard by crackled a fire by which the engineer and Lord Rushbrook officiated; one cherishing it tenderly, while the other offered to its warm kiss a plump young pair of grouse, artistically plucked and trussed and impaled on the screws of a couple of cleaning rods. The soldier had had his own experience of camping out in Acadia. Near them, and sneering at their rude cookery, McAlpine superintended a pet portable *batterie de cuisine* of his own, in whose recesses various delicate comestibles were simmering. Even Sir Basil caught the spirit of the thing, and insisted on making himself generally troublesome, as scullion unattached. The snowy cloth was stretched on the velvet sward, the plates and forks securing it from the liberties of the faint breeze that was dallying with it.

"Pleasanter this than your al-fresco tiffins in the Wynaut, eh, McAlpine?" queried Barrington, in the intervals of a chicken mayonnaise.

"So far as company goes, certainly, and perhaps climate," returned McAlpine, who was paying his court to a snipe *salmi* he had *rechauffé* himself. "But I won't be so ungrateful as to abuse our jungle spreads. Ah, you ought to have seen them, Miss Winter; with your presence and Miss Childersleigh's they'd have been pretty nearly as perfect as mortal meal could be."

"It's distance lends enchantment to your view, I suspect, Mr. McAlpine," returned Lucy, laughing. "For my part, I fear the apprehension of being lunched upon myself might have quite spoiled my appetite. I should always have been looking over my shoulder for a man-eater dropping in on our party in an unfriendly way."

"Or a python, or a boa-constrictor, to say nothing of scorpions and centipedes,

and all manner of humbler creeping things slipping in more unobtrusively," chimed in Maude.

"I told you I much preferred my company here; but after all, bar the tigers, and they were generally rather scarce for our tastes, there is very little to object to in the others you mention, is there, Captain Brown?" said McAlpine, turning to the engineer.

"I can't say, I'm sure. I've never enjoyed an Indian lunch, and I'm sorry for it now, as I much suspect, from your account, I should, if possible, have appreciated this one all the more. So far as my own quiet entomological experiences go, I can very well dispense with the North-American mosquitos."

"Ah, you don't know Highland midges, perhaps," said Rushbrook; "if we had only a few of them here they would rather disturb the Watteau-like repose of our little party."

"More like a scene from the *Decameron* than a group by Watteau," remarked Hugh. "Depend on it, Watteau's simpering shepherdesses and powdered prisgs never made themselves half so agreeable."

"the scenery is so thoroughly Tuscan in its
"Yes, Hugh," agreed Maude, seriously, softness; our retainers so strikingly Italian in character and costume!"

"You may laugh, Maude, but we've seen as wild backgrounds in the Apennines as those rocks of Ben-y-Gair; the Lady's Well might be a fountain in Vallombrosa, although it can very well spare the fallen leaves; and Italian grass was never half so green out of a picture. As for McLachlan and his satellites, imagine them Italians, in carnival time, masquerading as northern barbarians, and there you have it."

The desultory chat ran on till the pauses became more frequent, and a soft Italian languor seemed to have stolen on the party. No one was in haste to suggest a move. The gillies strewn carelessly about the turf, prone on their backs, and with their brown freckled hands clasped behind their heads, lay lazily smoking their short black clays, their dreamy eyes languidly following the "reek" as it floated hither and thither in the air. The dogs were quartering moors in dreamland, setting phantom grouse with spasmodic grunts, or, to judge by their occasional fitful starts, breaking and running in where there was no fear of the dog-whip before their eyes. The sportsmen had, to all seeming, forgotten their sport; even the keen McAlpine, placid and taciturn, was lost in the meditative enjoyment of his second manilla.

"I thought you had an appointment with the ptarmigan, McAlpine, or what may be the meaning of that battery of breechloaders?"

"Very true, Sir Basil, so we had; but gallantry before sport: the ptarmigan's convenience must wait on that of the ladies."

"Come, Mr. McAlpine, that really is too audacious," broke in Maude. "You have not only been silent yourself for this last quarter of an hour, but all the rest of us were gradually silencing ourselves in civil sympathy. Your drowsy influence has gained the keepers and the very dogs."

"My father's right, at any rate," said George, consulting his watch. "If we do intend to go to work on the ptarmigan at all, we ought to lose no time about it. What do you mean to do, yourself, sir?"

"I? Oh I shall be moving quietly homewards," returned Sir Basil; "and you young ladies, do you come with me?"

"Lucy has brought her block and her colours, I know," said Maude. "You mean to make a sketch of Ben-y-Gair, don't you, Lucy?"

"Only if there happened to be plenty of time, Maude?"

"And there is plenty of time, if you feel sufficiently industrious. Seat yourself on the plaids there, and begin. You can't go wrong about the point of view. If the gentlemen can spare me McLachlan, I should like to climb the shoulder of Ben-y-Gair, and look down on the other side. You will have plenty of time, and I shall know where to find you when I come back."

"I think I'd better come with you, dear; I don't care the least in the world about caricaturing Ben-y-Gair."

"I assure you you can't make him uglier than he looks when he likes. No, Lucy, either you stay and make your sketch, or I don't go."

So Sir Basil and his pony, and the gillie who attached himself to the pair, picked their deliberate way downwards towards the lodge. Lucy seated herself and got out her sketching things; while, "setting the stout heart to the stae brae," the rest of the party braced themselves to the steep sides of Ben-y-Gair.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAST AWAY IN THE CLOUDS.

"WELL, McLachlan, and what do you say to the weather now?" demanded Maude, triumphantly, of the keeper, as she steadied herself, and was dragged upwards by the hand twisted in the strap that crossed his shoulder. Resolved not to be a drag upon

them, with a manner that would take no denial, she had refused all tenders of company, comfort, and assistance from the gentlemen.

"Deed then, Miss Maude, and I like the look of it less than before. Only see to they clouds rolling round by the sides of Alt-na-car."

"I see them, but depend on it they've no idea whatever of coming our way, and nothing can be clearer than Ben-y-Gair. He's put off his night-cap at last."

"And I'm not sure, but I'd rather he'd kept it on. If the wind was to shift a bit, another half-hour and you mightn't be able to see your hand before you for the mist. Anyhow I'll not let you out of sight, Miss Maude," said McLachlan, firmly.

"I'm quite sure I don't intend to lose sight and hold of you, so long as the walking's as rough as this. Not that I'm the least afraid of being cast away in the clouds."

Truly the walking had grown rough enough. The bare turf, with its broken patches of stunted heather, was fast giving way to what looked very like the scattered *débris* of a stone-quarry sprinkled with slates. First the bleached pebbles came singly, and then by handfuls; later you trod over whole battalions of them, through which there shimmered in places a thin brown glimmer of sickly vegetation.

The guns had taken a line of their own, turning away in the opposite direction. With a gillie or two interposed between each, and right shoulders slightly inclined forward, the line stepped out round the rugged shoulder of the mountain. But bright as was the sun and warm the stones they basked on, the birds were wild. Could they have come to the same conclusion as McLachlan, and foreseen some impending change in the weather? Even before the sharp mountain eye could detach the mottled grey plumage from the moss-stained granite, the flock had risen on the wing, circling high above the valley depths like a flight of rock-pigeons, only to light again far ahead on the heights they had been flushed from. In the well-founded hope of tiring them down, the party picked their way patiently onwards, snapping off the breechloaders from time to time at impossible ranges for the sake of doing something, and in the hope of scaring the quarry into sitting. The luncheon, with its premature conviviality, was but indifferent training for men who were labouring hard, unsustained even by the excitement of fortunate sport. So Rushbrook, always rather an indolent man, began to think.



"I tell you what, Childersleigh, you can spare a gun; in fact it seems to me we are a trifle crowded here, and if you don't mind I shall fall out of the ranks and saunter back after your sister and McLachlan. To my mind, and at the best of times, as I told you last night, ptarmigan shooting is the meanest of sports, as the Yankees say. Most unholy walking on the chance of a pot shot or two when you have tired and frightened your birds."

"There's nothing so demoralizing as desertion, Rushbrook. Already Barrington there is trailing his gun as if he had more than enough of it. But, however, if you have the bad taste to wish to go, and to cut the sport for the scenery, do just as you please. It's liberty hill."

So Rushbrook did fall out, and strolled back, retracing his steps, till, in a fold in the ground, he caught sight of Miss Childersleigh's fluttering garments and McLachlan's bulky figure.

"Why, Lord Rushbrook, you here! When I first caught a glimpse of a human shape in the solitude, I took it for the gnome of the mountain. To what are we indebted for this most unlooked-for pleasure?"

"Chiefly, of course, to the attractions of your small but very pleasant little party, Miss Childersleigh. Partly, to be very candid, to the disagreeables of a wild ptarmigan chase over the roughest of ground after the longest of lunches."

"If you attach yourself to us, you'll find your sorrows are only beginning. McLachlan asseverates from that hill before us you can see the Atlantic, and so I mean to see it."

"On a very clear day I said, Miss; such a day as you wouldn't have, perhaps, six times in a summer."

"And what do you call this, then? In the direction we are going there's not a suspicion of mist, not one fleck of cloud against the sky."

McLachlan shook his head and muttered something inaudibly, but more, as it seemed, to hedge his credit as a prophet, than for any more immediate reason. Upwards they zigzagged, picking their toilsome way in comparative silence. Conversation is apt to flag when you become miserly chary of each breath you draw, when you are losing yourself in painful calculations as to the number of yet more painful steps that divide you from the Pisgah you pant for.

McLachlan, whose case-hardened lungs were working as pleasantly as if he had been lounging on the gravel before Killoden Lodge, and who was utterly uninfluenced

by grovelling considerations like these, respectfully hazarded a question:

"Beg pardon, my lord, but were the dogs behaving pretty steady when your lordship left? It's not nice work for them at all, with they shy beasts of ptarmigan."

"Steady—enough—considering—young dogs—wild," puffed his lordship.

"Sure, my lord, they would be keeping the young ones in the couples. I laid my commands upon Hamish never to be letting them go when I wasn't there."

"Hamish disobeyed then: at least, all the six were ranging when I left," returned Lord Rushbrook, making the conversation into which he had been drawn an excuse for pausing in the ascent. McLachlan said nothing, but was obviously ill at ease. He walked as one distraught, and when his companions addressed him, answered far wide of the mark. At last Rushbrook took compassion on his evident anxiety. Had his lordship been more of a lady's-man, he might have been suspected of manoeuvring for a *tele-à-tele* with Miss Childersleigh.

"I tell you what it is, keeper; your mind is travelling wide after these puppies of yours. Why don't you follow it with your body? Perhaps Miss Childersleigh won't mind trusting herself to me for the time being, and when you come back you know where to look for us."

McLachlan hesitated, torn evidently in opposite directions, cast a long look up at the heavens; from where he stood saw nothing whatever to warrant uneasiness, growled in his beard a deep malediction against the offending Hamish, and hesitated again. But Maude pityingly insisted on his going off on leave, and finally, with many parting cautions as to the most practicable line to follow, McLachlan darted away on track of the now distant guns.

Maude and her new escort got on together very pleasantly in every way; enjoying the scramble, and seeing no reason whatever for taking it otherwise than easily; stopping continually to take breath, or, as they euphemized it, to admire the beauties of the landscape. Well worth admiring it was. The eye ranging away over many a valley absolutely desolate of human life, or with its solitude broken only by some isolated shieling; over sanctuaries of the red deer, where silver threads wound themselves round the base of purple mountains; over summit on summit, and ridge on ridge, to the faint yellow haze that marked the corn-land of the distant lowlands.

Ambition grows by what it feeds on, and the ambitioned shoulder scaled, Miss

Childersleigh set her affections on another and a higher one. It would be turning their backs on the shooting party, but with the shooting party they had no concern. It would be throwing over their assignation with McLachlan, but from the point where he hoped to find them, he could see their figures in the distance. Maude urged that she was an excellent walker, and Rushbrook, who had no desire whatever to baulk her, suggested that when the keeper rejoined them, he could easily be sent down for her pony.

They descended into a hollow that looked as if a mammoth cairn had been upset in it by the frolicsome powers of the air; or as if some Highland Morgante Maggiore and his fellows had been in the habit of raining down rocks and boulders on it from the heights above. Picking her way where torn boots and gloves that split in the clutches she made at the air in frantic attempts to balance herself seemed ominous of falls and sprained ankles, Miss Childersleigh was naturally constrained to put her companion's outstretched hand in constant requisition. Their progress was at best a good deal of the halt leading the lame, and the slanting sun beating down on the glowing pavement, made their work the harder. "What a blessed breeze," panted Maude, turning her flushed cheek to the puff of dampish air that fanned it of a sudden.

"One would say it came from the earth instead of the heavens," returned Rushbrook, looking up at a light cloud or two that clung motionless to the sky. "And wherever it came from, its gone as it came," he added.

"Surely that can't be fog," said Maude, doubtfully, looking at what seemed a slight thickening of the air, through which the objects a moment before so preternaturally bright seemed perhaps a trifle less clear.

"I don't know, Miss Childersleigh; it does look unpleasantly like it: I hope we shan't find our view spoiled after all our trouble. And at least, there's no mistake about that," he went on, a moment after, pointing to an unmistakable wreath of vapour winding itself swiftly round the brow of the mountain.

"McLachlan was talking this morning of Ben-y-Gair in his nightcap. It almost looks, does it not, as if he was tying a handkerchief round his neck in preparation for a damp evening?"

"A very dingy one, then; although by its appearance it must have been wrung through water. Perhaps he does his washing in his moss-pots, which would account for the colour. But seriously, Miss Chil-

dersleigh, it does look like a hint to turn — as if a change were brewing in the weather."

"I confess my heart misgives me; I don't feel at all inclined to go on on the bare chance of what we may see. As discretion is the best part of valour, suppose we keep our own secret and go quietly back."

As they turned, not a speck of mist, not the faintest haze was visible before them; nothing between them and the blue sky, so far as their horizon stretched, but those few light summer clouds. Still the sun beat warmly on their shoulders.

"Upon my word, Lord Rushbrook, after all it does seem like arrant cowardice giving it up, does it not? That fog can't mean anything; I believe if we went on we should have a magnificent view after all."

"Look there, Miss Childersleigh!" He had stopped and turned again. The light veil of fog they had seen had thickened into a dense curtain screening off everything behind it in palpable darkness. It was travelling forward swiftly, as a good runner might cover the level ground; and although the sun was as bright as before, it was the mockery of a parting smile before an impending eclipse. The cloud-curtain touched his disc, changing his mellow gold to lurid red; the next moment and he was extinguished in the dripping folds, and glorious day had given place to a weird and fleeting twilight. The stones grew to boulders, the boulders to rocks, changing as by magic to dolmen and menhirs and putting on even stranger and more fantastic forms. Had it not been for his action, the mountain-hare that went skipping by them to his home in the cairn above, might have been taken for a sheep or a roe-deer.

A few seconds more and they were in the depth of the brooding darkness, literally a darkness that might be felt, for it was the blackness of concentrated vapour, and even before it had well swallowed them they were damp as from a shower of spray.

"An unpleasantly sudden change to come over the spirit of our sunny day-dreams, Miss Childersleigh," said Rushbrook, assuming a cheeriness he was far from feeling. He would have given not a little the fog had caught them some few hundred feet lower down.

"Do let us get on," was all Maude said in reply, quickening her steps, and looking and feeling most thoroughly frightened.

"Don't hurry, Miss Childersleigh, you'll only tire yourself out; before we meet your pony we may have to walk a little farther than we intended," rejoined Rushbrook in a quiet matter-of-fact voice, ignoring Maude's evident alarm. "All we have to do is to

keep towards the left and downwards. It's slow work, picking our steps where we can barely see our feet, but we cannot very well go wrong."

"Can't go wrong!" If Rushbrook gave faith himself to what he said so sanguinely, he knew little indeed of mountain fogs. More likely it was a pious falsehood told to cheer his frightened companion. Let any one shut his eyes and attempt to walk a straight line on the most familiar ground and see what his success will be. Try it when you have to thread your way through a maze of stumbling-blocks over broken ground, and you may picture the bewilderment in which a few minutes of doubtful progress landed the castaways. The hill sides were too uneven to make their inclination even vaguely reliable as a guide. If the light air had kept breathing steadily from the quarter whence it came at first, it might have been clue enough to lead them out of their difficulties; but it puffed and lulled and changed, and at last, when Rushbrook held up his damp finger, chilled it on all sides most impartially. No wonder. The moment a breath of air was caught out stirring in Ben-y-Gair it became the plaything of a score of fantastic shaped corries, who twisted and buffeted it till, losing its head altogether, it blew not as it listed itself, but as its capricious tormentors willed.

"McLachlan must be somewhere near us by this time, and he knows the lie of this pleasant country of his better than we do. I'll give him a call." And Rushbrook recommenced his jödels. But somehow the heavy air seemed to stifle the sounds as they issued from his throat. The very echoes, noisy as they generally were, growled hoarsely as if they had caught cold and found difficulty in articulating; even when he fired off his gun they gave half-hearted response to the deadened sound.

In the darkness and the depressing atmosphere, with the wearying work that seemed only to plunge them deeper in trouble and peril, Maude felt her sinking heart reacting on her failing limbs. Not yet would she admit the idea of an actual danger; but the shadow of it was blighting and threatened to paralyze her. Like the worn traveller caught in an Alpine snowstorm, she felt disposed to sink down where she was and wait in bodily peace, on the chance of safety coming to her. Rushbrook guessed rather than saw the state to which his companion was tending. He was as selfish as the rest of us — more selfish, perhaps, than many — and in the invariable habit of surveying situations from a purely personal point of view.

It surprised him now how lightly his thoughts rested on his own share in the disagreeable adventure. He recognized Maude as an incumbrance, of course; for, left to himself, his strength must sooner or later have carried him out of the clouds back into the world. Of course, in no extremity could he have conceived himself abandoning the girl fate had cast on his hands; but he might have been expected to comfort himself with inward murmurs in the discharge of a difficult and dangerous duty.

In the danger, her strength was, in some degree, the measure of his. They might have to pass the night on the hill, and if the weather changed for the worse, it might well be one of them would never wake in the morning. "A sweet pair of babes in the wood we should make," he thought grimly. They would be sought, indeed; but how long might it be before the search began, and their friends made up their minds they were lost. They had wandered far from the place where they had separated from McLachlan, it was even a chance if the seekers ever found that starting-point for their quest.

As it was, Rushbrook felt something of actual pleasure in the charge that had devolved on him — selfishness, perhaps, in another form. In the earnest yet cheerful voice that came out of the greyness, from the pair of hands that, with brotherly importunity, pressed on Miss Childersleigh the shooting-coat he had stripped from his own shoulders, his most intimate friends would have been least likely to guess at the self-indulgent Rushbrook, who made a mock of most things in life, and would have made it his pride to disappear with a jest down the very jaws of death.

"No, indeed, Miss Childersleigh, I insist upon it; so you had better give in with a good grace. Remember, I am answerable for you to Sir Basil, and I can't bring my charge home only to hand her over to the doctor." Maude resisted hard, but was fain to yield. He could feel her shiver as he helped her to pass her arms through the sleeves.

"By good luck, I have my flask with me, and the next thing is to prescribe you a few drops of mountain-dew. — hairs of the dog that is worrying us, Miss Childersleigh."

There, too, Maude docilely yielded. She felt she must rouse herself and make a struggle, and do all that in her lay towards their common extrication. Indeed, when the first shock of being swallowed in the darkness had passed, her faculties began rapidly to rally, and her bodily strength to return with her natural courage.

"Thank you, Lord Rushbrook. I feel greatly better, and much ashamed of my passing weakness. Believe me, you may count on me so long as my strength holds out."

"That's right; and, by good fortune, we seem at last to be fairly on the slope of the hill. Once out of the thickest of all this, we shall be able to see our way a little."

They went on in silence, silence broken only by an occasional word of encouragement from Rushbrook, or by a shout, raised on the chance of its being carried to human ears. Maude scarcely wanted cheering now. She had renewed her powers, and it was just as well. After all, hope had been deferred, and the downward slope had ended in a sheer precipice, that made their way no thoroughfare. Had it not providentially lightened slightly for a moment, they might have stepped into empty air, and touched the ground again a hundred feet below. All at once, a welcome sound broke upon Rushbrook's ear.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "at last. I hope I hear the guide that is to lead us home to Killoden."

"Why, what? You don't hear any one coming?"

"No, no, Miss Childersleigh. I'm very sorry if I raised false hopes; but I hear running water, and that, I trust, may answer our purpose nearly as well. Where it goes, we can surely follow, and, moreover, we must be lower down the mountain than I hoped."

"The precipices!"

"Most likely the stream has found a way where there are none to speak of. It's been working for centuries at smoothing them away," returned Rushbrook, hopefully. "I hope we may find a safe staircase, if a rough one. I shall go first and pilot you, and, in any case, if we have to leave the bed of the stream, we shall not lose sight of it. Here we are; and there seems, luckily, to be very little water."

It was a rough flight of steps, indeed, and a very damp one. Rushbrook had often trodden water-paths of the sort after the deer, but it had been in broad daylight; with mountaineers who relieved him of his very rifle, and on whom he was the drag and incubrance. Yet these former stalking experiences stood him in good stead, and, although now he plunged to mid-thigh in a pool, now had to lower himself by the hands with water pouring fast into his shirt-sleeves, and feet tentatively searching in the air for a foothold, yet he managed to pioneer a practicable way for Maude. And all the time he did his utmost to keep up

her spirits, laughing lightly at his own mishaps and miseries.

"Splash again. Certainly the kilt is the costume nature meant for the country. What would I not have given in the Sinai desert for water-bags as well filled and as cool as these knickerbockers of mine. It's more in the way of an otter than a Christian young lady, this romantic path of ours; but never mind, the longest road must come to an end at last, and how you will enjoy Killoden after it all. Ah—h!"

The closing ejaculation was caused by a drop into the mist very much deeper than he had counted on. He lighted on a loose stone, staggered, lost his balance, and rolled fairly over in the water, his gun-barrels ringing piteously on the pitiless rock.

"Don't be alarmed," he spluttered out through the mouthfuls of water he had involuntarily swallowed, as he struggled to his feet again. "It is nothing.—nothing at all; much worse for my poor Westley Richards than for me. But take care, Miss Childersleigh, how you follow. Wait a moment."

It was with much difficulty Maude lowered herself down into his arms, but at last she did stand beside him knee deep in the pool, and this time thoroughly drenched. He began to be seriously alarmed for her. A long night's exposure in that condition might easily be fatal to a girl delicately reared. But he let nothing of it all appear in his voice; the darkness hid his features, and he set forward and downward again, supporting her, as before, under the arm. There seemed nothing for it but to keep moving till they dropped. After its eight feet leap, the water ran more level for a time, and it was comparatively easy walking in its shallow bed. Yet Maude felt her companion totter, and now and again the hand supporting her arm involuntarily tightened on it. "Can his strength be going before my own?" she thought, and at the thought despondency began to gain on her again, and she felt her own forces threatening to ebb in sympathy. At last, after a violent stumble, Rushbrook let go his hold upon her and sank down upon the bank.

"Good heaven, Lord Rushbrook, what is the matter? Are you ill? For heaven's sake speak to me!"

There was no answer, and, terribly alarmed, she bent down to him. His eyes were closed, his face colourless, and he had fallen limp and senseless across a stone. Her first thought was of death, and, in the horror and loneliness of the moment, a cold

hand seemed to be clutching at her own heart, stilling its feverish beats. Then they went on again wildly, keeping pace and time with the fierce throbbings of her burning temples. Then reason found time to whisper it could be nothing but a swoon. She felt the two parts were changed, that she had become the stronger, and in that consciousness she acted with resolution and promptitude.

She tore open his collar and threw handfuls of the cold water in his face, although, heaven knows, all about him was wet and cold enough already. Then she rubbed his lips and temples with spirits, and finally forcing the flask between his teeth, let some of the contents flow into his throat. The eyelids trembled and lifted, then came a few incoherent words, he sat up and looked wildly about him. A minute or two more, and he was restored to full consciousness.

"You feel better now, do you not?"

"Better, yes, Miss Childersleigh, thanks to you." And he tried to raise himself, only to fall back again.

"Indeed you had much better keep quiet; you see you are still very weak."

"Worse than weak, Miss Childersleigh, I greatly fear. I'm grieved to have startled you so terribly, but I did all for the best. I fancy I must have sprained my ankle badly in that fall. I would fain have kept it from you, but nature was too strong for me."

"And you walked on in your agony, never saying a word?"

"Not agony, only pain; and I thought it might have gone off, or I could have held out against it. I see I can't, and very sorry I am for your sake. Luckily we must have made a good bit of way towards the lower ground. Once on the heather and it's pretty nearly plain walking downhill, if you only persevere and take care of the bogs. Perhaps you'd better have my gun,—it's heavy, but it may help you so long as you keep to the stream, then you can throw it away—and my flask. God bless you, Miss Childersleigh, lose no time. You're drenched already, and it must be growing late. Only keep up a good heart, and good-by."

"You don't fancy for one moment that I could desert you here?"

"I am certain you will, were it only for my sake. The very best thing you can do for me is to send me help."

"If I thought I could ever find it, heaven knows how gladly I would try. But no, if I left you once, I could never guide them back to where you are. Besides, my limbs would fail me, to a certainty, and I should only drop lower down. If we are to per-

ish, better perish here. If a chance is left us, it is not to wander farther from where they are most likely to seek us." She had seated herself beside him as she was speaking. Rushbrook looked anxiously and searchingly in her face. It was very pale, and the features had a drawn, worn look; she was thoroughly exhausted.

"I believe she is right," he muttered. "It is physically impossible she should do it. Well, Miss Childersleigh," he went on aloud, "perhaps it is safer you should stay. They must certainly be looking for us by this time, and it is quite possible you might be wandering away from help. Here we can keep up each other's spirits till it comes. We cannot hope for a pleasant night, and God knows I would have done much to spare you the discomfort; but it might be worse and wetter," he added, with another desperate effort to take the sunny view of things.

Under his directions Maude searched about for some place that might give them better shelter, and she was lucky enough to find, hard by, a hollow in the gravel bank worn out by the winter floods. With its pebbly floor, and roof, it was comparatively dry. Thither he dragged himself, and they cowered down, in a vague, dismal expectancy, a limitless horizon of gloom stretching all around them.

Externals, moreover, were depressing enough had their prospects been very much brighter. Maude cowered in the warmest nook in the cold den, but the dank vapours clutched at their throats, crept to their hearts, insisted on being taken to their bosoms, and chilled their very marrow. The plash and monotonous murmur of the stream made liquid melancholy. Once a black shape floated like a spirit of evil almost into their very refuge, and jerked out of it only slightly taken aback, to perch and croak upon the opposite rock. It seemed the demon of the mist, embodied in the evil-omened raven, come to gloat over his intended victims. Rushbrook could feel his companion take a fresh access of shuddering.

Yet through it all, and in his very sharp bodily pain, he did his best to bear himself up and her as well; still he made light of his accident, and jested as naturally as he could about the cold-water cure and wet compresses. She appreciated his kindness and his courage, but they had anything but the effect he intended. If he thought it worth while to affect to be in spirits, things must be black indeed; not that she did not make a brave fight herself against the gaining horrors, and with a success that surprised herself. But they thickened round

her in spite of her, as time dragged past with his leaden feet. How slow he went they could only guess, for Rushbrook's repeater had stopped in the water. What looked like hours must have been nearer minutes.

Rushbrook's sprain kept him wakeful enough, but he felt Miss Childersleigh begin to nod on his shoulder, and at last she sunk into a dead slumber. At first he was inclined to be thankful for her temporary unconsciousness. Then the idea struck him—he did not understand much of these things, but he remembered sleep in snow meant death—that the slumber might be fatal. Soaked and chilled as she was, it could hardly be anything but dangerous. He shook her, at first gently, then more violently; as he felt the difficulty of awaking her, he became more roughly unceremonious. When he did succeed at last, he insisted on her raising herself to step up and down the shred of gravel before their refuge, to stir the blood that began to stagnate in her veins.

She obeyed, although the effort was intensely painful to her. Of a sudden she ceased it; as Rushbrook was going to remonstrate she silently laid her hand on his mouth. He, too, set himself to listen.

It was too good to be real! They could hardly trust their senses, but it was—yes, this time there could be no mistake—the faint, distant bark of a dog!

"A bark! a dog!" exclaimed Maude. "Oh, Lord Rushbrook, if they should only find us!"

Lord Rushbrook in turn pressed his fingers on her lips and waited. The minutes passed—the sound came nearer and nearer.

"A bay and a hound, Miss Childersleigh; and if McAlpine's blood-hound, Tamerlane, was at Baragoil, I'd swear to the voice. In any case they're running our trail, and you're saved, saved!"

The hysterical earnestness with which he spoke, the nervous eagerness with which he grasped her hand, told how much more gravely alarmed he had been for them than he had suffered to appear. As for Maude, she was sobbing aloud in her violent revulsion of feeling. The bay came nearer and nearer.

"Tamerlane I believe it is, and Providence has sent him," said Rushbrook, affecting not to remark her agitation, and falling back on commonplace, as the safest specific against possible hysterics. "Had I known he was come home to Baragoil, I should have been much inclined to have waited quietly where the fog caught us.

But McAlpine seldom uses a dog after deer, and a few days ago he lent him to one of his cousins. How he should be here to-day I can't for the life of me guess." Maude was beginning to compose herself; her breath came more regularly, and the first use she made of it was to raise her voice and shout to the coming rescue.

"You need not tire yourself more, Miss Childersleigh; indeed you need not, they cannot miss us now. But shout by all means if it does you good. Evidently they're following us down the stream. It's just as well there was so little water in it, or even Tamerlane might have been thrown out."

A few minutes more, and a mighty bound, with open jowl and glaring eyeballs, half-strangled in a leash, and plaided human figures dripping like so many water-kelpies, disengaged themselves from the mist. They proved a party in charge of the Baragoil keeper, one of three that were out upon the hills. But before they came up Maude had found time, and breath, and calm enough, to thank Lord Rushbrook in an outburst of heartfelt gratitude for the charge he had taken of her life and comforts at the risk and sacrifice of his own. Nor, although he affected to laugh and make light of it, telling her simple shame, if nothing else, must have kept him from running away, did he seriously set himself to disillusion her or to divert the warm current of her feelings. He seemed ungenerously satisfied to leave her believing herself deep in his debt. Deep, yet clamorous was the compassion, melodiously guttural the Gaelic ejaculations over the pitiful condition of the lady and the English lord. A light-footed runner was despatched forthwith to bring up ponies to the nearest practicable point. The pair were tenderly extricated from the gully, for fatigue and fright had made Maude well nigh as helpless as Rushbrook. "King's chairs" were improvised for their transport from the Highlanders' sinewy arms, but, willing as it was, their conveyance was slow enough at best. In the joy, however, of finding themselves back in safety and human society once more, all lesser discomforts passed for absolute luxuries.

Panniers filled with dry wraps which they revelled in, and provisions, for which they cared much less, met them with the ponies, and, deliberate as their movements had been, they found the news of their recovery had not yet recalled the other search parties. Not a male remained to garrison the lodge, and poor Sir Basil, in frantic anxiety, was out with the rest of them on the hill.

He returned to find his lost daughter deposited safely in bed, so we cannot assist at the interview between the pair. All we know is, the emotion with which he thanked Lord Rushbrook affected even that ordinarily impassive individual. Perhaps his lordship had been shaken by the day's work and his accident. Although he had absolutely refused to imitate Maude's example and retire to rest at once, yet with slight demur he yielded to Sir Basil's imperiously proffered hospitality, and consented to await his tedious cure under that gentleman's roof. Already an express was hurrying, at the utmost speed of man and horse, in search of the nearest doctor, who lived at a distance of only thirty-five miles. To say nothing of Rushbrook's ankle, Sir Basil was naturally seriously alarmed as to the shock his daughter's constitution might have received. His fears were happily relieved, and her constitution vindicated itself nobly: the young lady escaped for a couple of feverish nights, a heavy cold and a few days' confinement to her apartment. All the misery and mental anguish they had gone through notwithstanding, and very strange as it may appear, she and Rushbrook seemed to find morbid pleasure in going back on the incidents of that eventful day.

There were two men who could never bear to hear them alluded to. These were Sir Basil Childersleigh and his keeper. McLachlan could not forgive himself for having thrown over Miss Maude for the puppies, nor did he cease to regret that her rescue had been effected by other hands than his. He had scarcely joined the shooting-party when his experienced eye read the sure signs of a coming fog. He imparted his gloomy forebodings to his *confrère* from Baragoil.

"You'll be getting to them before the mist yet if you be nimble," was that gentleman's reply; "but if you was to miss them, never you fash your thumb about it. Tamerlane came home to us this morning, and if we laid him on the scent to-morrow, he would run it from here to Conan Ferry."

McLachlan not only missed the objects of his quest, but, for the time being, lost himself. Then it was long before he and the Baragoil man groped their way to each other; but in the meantime Tamerlane had been thoughtfully sent for, on the chance of his services being wanted. As the old hound had an unpleasant instinct for rending the stranger he chased, McLachlan had reluctantly seen the leash that held him consigned to more familiar hands, while, to make assurance surer, he ranged the oppo-

site side of the hill with another party. So it was to Tamerlane's unlooked-for return to his master's that Miss Childersleigh, in all probability, owed her life.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. HEMPRIGGE BREAKS HIS RULE AND MAKES A CONFIDENCE.

WHILE far away in the country of Ossian his chiefs were leading the lives of the heroes of the mythical bard — hunting the hart and the grouse among cloud and storm, through heather and over precipices; sunning themselves after the toils of the chase in the smiles of beauty — Mr. Hemprigge was quietly following up his own personal game with the sharpness of the terrier, the staunchness of purpose of the sleuthhound. Childersleigh's genius away, his subordinate's talent indicated itself; his technical information, his unwavering earnestness, asserted their supremacy over colleagues who, in their visits to the establishment, had been accustomed to place themselves in the hands and think with the brain of its head. Hemprigge held in his fingers all the complex threads of its manifold transactions. He came to the meetings of the Board so thoroughly "posted up" in its figures; he had so clearly thought out to its consequences each suggestion he had to make; so carefully weighed beforehand all that might be urged for and against, that there was no taking him at a disadvantage. Those who risked a friendly fall with him in the way of discussion generally had cause to regret it. Yet with it all he was modesty itself; no man could say he read in his eye, far less gathered from his speech, any indiscreet consciousness of triumph. He was guilty of no ostentatious deference; simply where he could he reached his fallen opponent an unobtrusive hand, and quietly passing on to the matter next in hand, stated his views upon that with the same calm assurance of faultless information and unassailable logic. Candour itself, he made no monopoly of the knowledge he possessed, but offered himself, as in duty bound, a practical encyclopædia of the affairs of the Company — an encyclopædia with the rare merit of being always in harmony with itself, open it at what page you would. Some of the directors left on duty had been disposed to regard him distrustfully, as an able adventurer, an edge-tool dangerous in any hands but the Governor's; nor had that distrust been altogether allayed by the parting counsels of Mr. Childersleigh, when he started for his holiday. Now they began to doubt whether these vague warnings as

to the propriety of a careful supervision could have had any reference to the Managing Director.

"I'll tell you what I like about Hemprigge," observed Marxby one afternoon to Schwartzchild, as they left a Board meeting in company; "with all his thorough knowledge of the business, he sticks so closely by the Chairman's ideas in all he does or says." Schwartzchild hesitated.

"For my part, I'm not sure but what Hemprigge may very easily carry that too far. Childersleigh's clever, but remember after all he's only gathering his experience as he goes; and there's many a wrinkle he could pick up from men like you or me or Hemprigge, who, I must say, goes heart and soul about his work. I'd just as soon Hemprigge didn't follow Childersleigh so blindly. That other 50,000% to-day to the Smyrna Waterworks, for instance—I could see Hemprigge was far from clear himself about the wisdom of locking-up more money there. I am sure I am not. But he wouldn't speak for himself, he spoke for Childersleigh, and the loan's approved."

"Well, now, I'd much sooner stand by Childersleigh's judgment in a matter of that sort, sharp as Hemprigge is; depend upon it the other has the longer head of the two. The Chairman doesn't let our money go where he can't lay his hands on it if needful; and so long as Hemprigge knocks under to him, I'll knock under to Hemprigge."

"Humph!" growled Mr. Schwartzchild dubiously, as he nodded to Marxby and turned off in the opposite direction. Talent is pretty sure to find its level, and virtue sometimes meets its reward, even in this life. With all his loyalty and his modesty, already and in spite of himself, Hemprigge was recruiting partisans at the Board; wresting golden opinions even from the devoted admirers of his leader.

Mr. Hemprigge's was an excellently regulated mind, and although it divided its allegiance between love and mammon, those conflicting powers were constrained to compromise their mutual hold upon it. Love had no chance with its sterner rival in business hours; *en revanche*, away from Lothbury, it reigned pretty absolutely the lord of all. The moment Mr. Hemprigge gave his thoughts the reins, they careered away like winged steeds to seek his heart in the highlands. It seemed strange the tender passion should take so fast a grip of such a man without making him utterly its slave at all seasons. Had he an iron power of self-control he could exert at will; or was he happily gifted with a dual nature? How was it the cool, clear-headed manager of

the Crédit Foncier of Turkey, who held steadily as ever by the main chance, suffered as by enchantment sudden demoralization as he passed out at its portals? The threshold passed, he dropped his business-like burden of financial cares, but only to exchange it for another and heavier one, tied up with the fancies of a penniless girl.

So it was, however, and his leisure moments found him not only the slave of love, but the prey of jealousy. If it was bad enough to picture the object of his attachment removed farther than ever from himself, it was still worse to know her within the reach of others. Why should the fruit that all his disinterested hopes were centred in seem less tempting to those who had it ever before their eyes, who possibly had but to stretch out their hands to pluck and to enjoy? The thought "working in his brain," came as near to conventional madness as it might be expected to do with a man accustomed to govern himself by the conventionalities. His hat was a shade less nicely brushed, the broad colours of his costume scarcely so artistically adjusted, the flowers had faded and fallen from his button-hole; above all, he took to shunning the circles he had adorned, and betook himself to solitary dinners and meditations. It was easy to see when he knitted his brow and fixed his gaze that he was rather scheming for the future than deploring the present. The friend he most laid himself out to cultivate now-a-days was Purkiss Childersleigh, and the two worthies saw a good deal of each other. Hemprigge went to dine not unfrequently with Purkiss, who was keeping solitary house at "The Cedars," returning the hospitality from time to time either at his rooms or at the "Sandringham," a club recently started, whose voucher for exclusiveness was its exorbitant entry money and subscription.

One evening he closed a fit of musing with a long-drawn breath, a sigh of relief, and a look of decision. "By Jove, I'll do it!" he muttered; "it can't hurt my showing him part of my hand, and I don't doubt I may bring him to help me." And next morning Purkiss found a message from his friend waiting him at "Childersleighs," with an invitation to dinner for the evening. Purkiss accepted, and went, and rather repented having gone. His entertainer—marvellous thing for him—was absent and inattentive, often talking at random, sometimes barely answering at all. Purkiss was irritated and showed his irritation. After all, he condescended when he stooped to be entertained by Mr. Hemprigge, and he had no idea of being repaid by slight.

"Good evening, Mr. Hemprigge," he broke out abruptly, when for full three minutes his host had been sitting in elaborate abstraction and speaking silence. "Good evening, I see I keep you from graver business or pleasanter company."

A more shrewd observer than the banker might have detected something of histrionic effect in the start with which the usually collected Hemprigge roused himself, in the expansive energy with which he cast himself on the starched bosom of his friend.

"God bless me! Childersleigh, what ever have I been doing? I feel I owe you a thousand apologies; I must have been treating you most shamefully, and making a miserable return for your charity in giving me your society. Well, well," he went on, with a melancholy smile and most taking candour, while his drooping eye rested in stealthy steadiness on Purkiss, "as you ought to know, there's no man whose friendship I value half so much as yours, and I can't let you leave me under a misconception. Moreover, its no use whatever trying to deceive your perspicuity; it's lost labour throwing dust in those sharp eyes of yours. You must see that I'm put out, and if you'll only consent to sit down again and listen to me, I'll make a clean breast of it."

Purkiss smoothed his ruffled brow, and with a bend of the head, intended to be half stately, half encouraging, resumed his seat.

"Yes, you've seen, of course, there's something bothering me, and there's no man I would sooner come to for help than yourself—help in the way of advice, I mean," he added hastily, for at the ominous word Purkiss had shied instinctively, like a horse being led up to a scarecrow. "Yet I don't fancy, clever as you are, Childersleigh, you would ever guess the causes of my trouble."

Purkiss rapidly ran over in his mind all the probable misfortunes, from simple insolvency to an indictment for perjury, he could imagine as threatening his accomplished friend, and he flushed over his ears and forehead as he devoutly wished himself well out of his rôle of confidant.

"No, you'll never guess, so I may as well speak out at once. It's a woman, that's what it is."

"A woman!" Purkiss ejaculated hesitatingly, as doubting if he heard aright, while relief, astonishment, contempt chased themselves successively over his expressive countenance. The observant Hemprigge saw he had lowered himself, with a word, full 50 per cent. in his companion's esteem; but he read, too, in the air of genial aban-

donment with which that gentleman composed himself to listen, that he might be counted on more confidently up to a certain point now that he had been disabused of the dread of any excessive strain on his friendship.

"Yes, I've gone and fallen over head and ears in love, Childersleigh; and the girl has nothing, or next to nothing."

Purkiss stared upon his *vis-à-vis* open-eyed. Like most dull men he had a nervous horror of mystification, and this seemed a mystification, only too gross and palpable. Hitherto he had entertained a profound respect for Hemprigge's business qualities, and it shocked all his principles, shook his faith in human nature and everything else to its roots, to think of a model man of business falling in love at all. For himself, he could just as soon have imagined himself guilty of dropping on his knees on the Lombard Street pavements at high noon. And with a girl without money! Why, this very clever fellow must be touched in the brain: and here he was in the management of the company in which Purkiss had invested largely. His features were eloquent of puzzled uneasiness. Hemprigge, apparently lost in contemplation of the ringed fingers that were beating the devil's tattoo on the mahogany, had never taken his eyes off him for a moment.

"It doesn't sound rational," he proceeded; "looks much more like insanity than anything else, does it not? But you must suspend your sound judgment, Mr. Childersleigh, till you hear all. Then, possibly, it may not appear to you altogether so foolish."

"I am listening, Mr. Hemprigge," returned Mr. Childersleigh with judicial solemnity. The last three minutes, and the rude shock the one had given the other's respect, had well nigh undone the slow work of months, and already replaced the two gentlemen on their earlier footing of distant ceremony.

"You see, Mr. Childersleigh, a man in your position—in your great position," he added, seeing Purkiss sniff pleasantly at the incense, "need only look to a single point in marrying, and that, I need hardly say, is money." Purkiss nodded assentingly and approvingly.

"With a self-made man there are other things to be thought of—things, I mean, of course, that shall turn to money in the long run. I am a speculator by temperament, I admit it frankly; perhaps you will excuse me if I say there may be less able or lucky men." Hemprigge saw it was high time to assert himself a little, for Purkiss,

visibly swelling up with importance, was already beginning to accept the other's humility much too complacently.

After a slight pause he went on— "In my opinion there's no more short-sighted fallacy of the short-sighted old school than its absurd principle that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. A simple apology for dullness, rely on it. Take my own case. I could marry a woman to-morrow with 20,000*l.*—30,000*l.*—perhaps more, and what should I gain by it, pray? A net sum in cash and there an end, strictly tied up by settlement moreover. Why I can make the money for myself in a hand's turn, in two or three years at the outside. But if I marry for connection, trust me for changing the connection into position and credit, and I say it boldly, credit with me means pretty nearly unlimited means of helping myself and my friends as well." Thus reminded of his friend's money-making talents, Purkiss's manner inclined once more to the friendly and confidential.

"You took me aback at first, Hemprigge, I own; but after all there is sense in what you said, as indeed, I ought to have taken for granted. You could never dream of marrying for nothing—not such a fool. But may I venture to ask the lady's name?"

"I was just coming to that—Miss Winter."

"What! Lucy Winter, did you say?" Purkiss opened his eyes wider than ever.

"And how or where in all the world do you look for either connection or credit there?"

"Come, come, Childersleigh, you don't affect not to see. Is she not a dependant of your family, the *protégée* and distant relative of Sir Basil Childersleigh—actually a member of his household? But let me tell you, if you don't know, that a connection like that may be made worth a very great deal to a man like me."

"Well, Hemprigge," returned Purkiss complacently, "doubtless you know best, and I suppose you understand your own business. If you overrate the value Miss Winter's position may be to you, that's your look-out. What I don't see, is why you should come to me for either help or advice in the matter. Your mind seems made up, and then, charming as Miss Winter may be, as you very justly remarked, she has not a shilling to bless herself with. You don't imagine she won't jump at an offer that settles her so comfortably for life."

"But that is just what I do imagine. Girls have their fancies. Your sister's friend may be excused for forgetting her own position."

"Perhaps my sister spoils her; I've often said she does; but although you are in love with her and I am not, yet I think better of her intelligence than you do. Depend upon it you've only to ask and to have," and Purkiss chuckled in his contented knowledge of the world.

"I wish I could think so, but I repeat that I don't."

"Surely you can't have been feeling your way already and failing," returned Purkiss, looking narrowly at him.

"No, no, nothing of that sort," rejoined Hemprigge hastily, and involuntarily dropping his eyes. "Only when a man's over eager about anything, he naturally gets anxious, I suppose, and I see difficulties."

"I don't. But you think I can do something for you, you say. Tell me how I may help you, and if I can I will."

"A thousand thanks, Childersleigh, for this new proof of your friendship! You give me fresh hope. I knew if I could get you on my side my cause would be half gained."

Mr. Childersleigh felt by no means so sanguine on that score as his friend. He did not overrate his influence in his family circle.

"With a fair field," Hemprigge proceeded slowly, "and thanks to your kind invitations to 'The Cedars,' I ought to win."

"A fair field! Why, who do you think is going to interfere with you? Do you mean my sister?"

"I did not allude to Miss Childersleigh just then, although I fear I scarcely stand so high in her good graces as I should wish to do."

"You don't fancy there are rivals in the case?" and Purkiss laughed unaffectedly.

"Why, that would be the very insanity of jealousy, my good fellow, take my word for it."

Hemprigge said nothing.

"Oh, you have a rival then: for heaven's sake name him, and put me out of suspense, for I shall never guess. Perhaps it is my father, who prepares me a pleasant surprise in the shape of a mother-in-law. At least he is the only gentleman I know with a tender feeling for the lady whose opportunities are likely to make him dangerous."

Hemprigge did not seem altogether to appreciate the unwonted facetiousness of his friend, and answered gravely and rather sulkily,—

"There may be another, and one who knows how to improve his opportunities as well as most. What should you say to my worthy chief? I for one don't undervalue

Mr. Hugh Childersleigh's rivalry in love or anything else."

He had succeeded effectually in arresting Purkiss's attention now. That gentleman stared across at him in stupid amazement.

"Yes," Hemprigge went on deliberately, "I see I have surprised you, and I don't wonder at it. Mind, I don't say he means anything as yet; indeed I am quite certain he did not when I last saw them together. But I could see what he was blind to—that she was something less than indifferent to him—and who can tell me how things may be working round down there? He's the very man circumstances might tempt to a folly."

"Nonsense, Hemprigge; the last man in the world, I should say."

"Pardon me, Childersleigh, you don't know him. You have never had occasion to watch and study him as I have. He'll work and scheme, and scheme and work; then he is precisely the fellow to throw away everything for a woman and a fancy. What's that play—*All for Love, or the World Well Lost*. Worldly as he is, I can imagine Childersleigh the hero of a piece like that. I repeat I can figure circumstances that would make Miss Winter's position—she'd be as much of a drag on him as she would be a help to me—an irresistible temptation to him to defy and scandalize the world he seemed to live and labour for."

"Granting it to be possible, which I don't, you must know, that nothing is more unlikely. You do Miss Winter injustice. I am sure she is far too shrewd to wait for miracles; she won't miss the shadow for the substance."

"You are so very sensible yourself, Childersleigh, you can't conceive other people doing foolish things. She has always had some romantic notion of what he did for her at the time old Miss Childersleigh died, and that confounded *grand seigneur* air of his is just the thing to fool a woman." To this Purkiss answered nothing. He sat abstracted, as Hemprigge had done earlier in the evening. These unexpected confidences had taken him aback and landed him in a dilemma. On the one hand there was nothing he would have liked better than to see Hugh compromise his brilliant reputation for sagacity and mar his great prospects by a foolish marriage, but with all the faith he felt in Hemprigge's perspicacity, the idea seemed at once too wild and pleasing ever to realize itself. On the other hand, if he could help Hemprigge to the lady, he should earn a gratitude which

might show itself in many profitable ways: he should have the pleasure of paining Maude, who, however much she might dislike it, would scarcely take the responsibility of opposing herself to a match so eligible; and especially if there were any shadow of truth in Hemprigge's suspicions, the marriage could not fail to irritate Hugh intensely, although possibly at the cost of trouble between him and the managing Director. — "However that's Hemprigge's own look-out," he thought; and then he added aloud, —

"Well, Hemprigge, whether or not you alarm yourself unnecessarily about Hugh, makes little difference to me. As I said, I am quite willing to help you, if you will only show me how. As it happens, I go down to Scotland in a day or two, so at any rate I can report how the land lies; and when my people return to town you must come often to 'The Cedars' and fight your own battle."

"The very thing I should have asked of you if I had dared. What I want is an opportunity to carry her before anything occurs to bring Childersleigh to know his own mind. Then I hope I may count on your influence with your father later if the young lady gives her assent."

"Certainly," mused Purkiss, absent again. "Look here, Hemprigge," he went on, after a pause, "I'll do something more for you if you like. Find an excuse and run down with me to Killoden. Arrange some urgent business for the benefit of my father and Hugh — tell the young lady what you please. Women like that sort of thing, they tell me; though, thank heaven, I don't pretend to know anything at all about it. Chivalrous and all that. Then strike while the iron's hot."

The pleasing hope of preparing a *mauvais coup* right and left, of doing an evil turn to his sister and kinsman, and arranging them a disagreeable surprise, was like an inspiration for Purkiss, wonderfully brightening his faculties.

"Eh—what? That would be a bold step indeed—too bold, I fear—and might give Childersleigh the alarm. He is so diabolically distrustful. Yet after all, he must know what I intend, sooner or later; and perhaps the sooner the better. He'll be the more unprepared. As for a pretext, I have a dozen excellent ones ready to my hand. He won't be deceived, I daresay; but I can't help that, we must risk something at every game."

Hemprigge had insensibly glided into an unfriendly tone in speaking of the absent chairman. It might be born of the thought

of their possible rivalry; perhaps he felt it gave him his best hold on the sympathies of Purkiss.

"Yes, there are a good many matters that ought to be discussed quietly between us," he went on, gravely; "matters where my own judgment runs counter to what I suspect his to be, and much too complicated and delicate to be satisfactorily discussed by letter. You start, you say —"

"The evening of the day after to-morrow."

"As luck will have it, there's a meeting of the Board that very day, and a part of the proceedings shall be the arranging a satisfactory apology for my chief. Again a thousand thanks, Childersleigh; you shall not find me ungrateful. To Wednesday evening then, and at Euston Square."

FIRST BLOOD.

[On the 22nd of September, 1642, "while entangled in a narrow lane," near the little village of Powick, Worcestershire, the Roundheads encountered Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers. After a short skirmish the Roundheads were defeated, and fled precipitately.]

THE news had come from Nottingham, the standard was unfurl'd!

Men's hearts were in their mouths, I wis; men's brains in tumult whirled.

King Charles, with gallant men-at-arms, was hast'ning from afar,

To quell the rising ere it grew from Riot into War.

They marched, and marched, and marched, until the faithful city's spires

Rose bright before their dazed sight. Then belched the beacon-fires

In north, and south, and east, and west; — the children saw with dread,

Although the sun had sunk to rest, all night the sky was red.

A month has passed. The reveille on twenty drums is beat.

The Cavaliers they muster at the Cross with hurrying feet,

And through the city proudly ride, Prince Rupert at their head,

While every casement is undone, and parting words are said.

To one brave gallant — Martin Vere — a maiden drops a glove;

Who would not like a Trojan fight with such a gage of love?

He ties it gaily round his sword, and waves a fond adieu —

A glance, a sigh, a sob; and then the troop is lost to view.

In ambush close the Cavaliers at Powick village lie —

Not one among them, man or youth, but knows the way to die!

All hold their breath and grasp their swords more firmly as they hear

The horses' tramp, betokening the foe is drawing near.

On helmet, umbril, sword, and spear the gladd'ning sunlight gleams —

No moment this to think of home, no time for lovers' dreams.

"Hush, gentlemen!" Prince Rupert cries; the game is on the wing; —

Ha! by the Rood, they're here at last! — Now forward for the King!"

A hundred swords flash in the air — a hundred voices cry,

"For merry England! For the King!" —

"For Cromwell!" some reply.

Swift thrusts — deep curses — groans — then cheers, re-echo left and right;

And now Old Nolly's men retreat along the roadway white.

In vain Lord Essex bids them charge, and bleeds and fights amain;

For Sandys has fail'd to rally them, and lies amongst the slain.

Entangled in the narrow road, they trample o'er their dead,

And ere the fray has well begun — the Round-head troops have fled!

* * * * *

With open missal on her lap, a trusting maiden waits

For his return who rode that morn so proudly through the gates;

And she may wait full many a day, for in the roadway red,

Beneath the elms, her Cavalier is lying stark and dead!

EDWARD LEGGE.

Gentleman's Magazine.

ELEPHANT PLOUGHS. — In India the elephant is made serviceable before a gigantic plough. The implement is guided by two men, and turns up a huge ridge and forms a furrow three feet deep by four and a half feet at the top. This is the deepest sub-soil ploughing we have any account of.

From The Athenæum.

A SUB-WAY IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S last letters, published 8th November, 1869, in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Geographical Society, mention that "tribes live in underground houses in Rua. Some excavations are said to be thirty miles long, and have running rills in them—a whole district can stand a siege in them. The 'writings' therein, I have been told by some of the people, are drawings of animals, and not letters, otherwise I should have gone to see them. People very dark, well made, and outer angle of eyes slanting inwards."

Also, in his letter to Sir Bartle Frere, Dr. Livingstone mentions "there is a large tribe of Troglodytes in Rua, with excavations thirty miles in length, and a running rill passing along the entire street. They ascribe these rock-dwellings to the hand of the Deity. The writings in them are drawings of animals; if they had been letters, I must have gone to see them. People very black, strong, and outer angles of eyes upwards."

We are not told where Rua exactly stands, but that it is the most northerly point hitherto reached by the great explorer, and the point to which he had followed the waters from 10° and 12° south latitude. In a map, published in Capt. Speke's "What led to the Discovery of the Nile," the territory of Uruwa is marked down as about 100 miles to the west of the centre of Lake Tanganyika; this territory is half-way across the continent of Africa, and traders for ivory and copper have reached it from Zanzibar. I conclude that Capt. Speke's Uruwa and Dr. Livingstone's Rua are one and the same place; but if the latter is not able to bring us home an account of this great subway, it is so marvellous—surpassing any subterranean passage we know of in Nature, that I hope some traveller may be enterprising enough to go and report on its position and appearance in our day.

In the mean time, I may describe how I came to hear of a similar, or the same, tunnel, said to be on the highway between Loo-wemba (Lobemba) and Ooroongoo (Marungu) near the Lake Tanganyika.

Capt. Speke and I had amongst our followers a native named Manua, who had travelled most of the routes in Central Africa. He was intelligent, observant, and, besides being a good companion, he knew the names and uses of nearly all the plants we met with. He and I conversed a great deal on the objects around us, and while our party, all mounted on camels, were crossing the Nubian Desert—from Abou Ahmed

to Korosko—the country was so peculiar that I asked him whether in his varied travels he had ever seen anything like it. I will give a short description of what the country was. It rose in a succession of ridges as regularly as the waves of the sea; the heights were of slate, and the valleys of sand. In crossing these ridges, the camels walked over the edges of the slate in single file, for the path was narrow and very rugged. Once in the valleys we were surrounded, as if within a fortress, by walls of slaty rock, say 400 feet high; no exit visible, and the horizon a jagged outline of peaks. Such then was the valley of Dullah, where I asked Manua if he had ever seen any country resembling it: his reply was, "This country reminds me of what I saw in the country to the south of the Lake Tanganyika, when travelling with an Arab's caravan from Unjanyembah. There is a river there called the Kaoma, running into the lake, the sides of which are similar in precipitousness to the rocks before us." I then asked, Do the people cross the river in boats?—"No, they have no boats; and even if they had, the people could not land, as the sides are too steep: they pass underneath the river by a natural tunnel, or subway. He and all his party went through it on their way from Toowemba to Ooroongoo, and returned by it. He described its length, as having taken them from sunrise till noon to pass through it, and so high, that if mounted upon camels they could not touch the top. Tall reeds, the thickness of a walking-stick, grew inside; the road was strewn with white pebbles, and so wide—400 yards—that they could see their way tolerably well while passing through it. The rocks looked as if they had been planed by artificial means. Water never came through from the river over-head; it was procured by digging wells. Manua added, that the people of Wambweh take shelter in this tunnel, and live there with their families and cattle, when molested by the Watuta, a warlike race, descended from the Zooloo Kafirs.

The two accounts are similar in every respect except as to its length and the manner of procuring water. Dr. Livingstone's informant made the Subway thirty miles in extent; my informant marched through it in six hours, say fifteen miles, and saw no running rill within it; but a wet season would account for this. I, therefore, have not the slightest doubt that such a place exists, and that it is no excavation or anything formed by man. How, therefore, can such a place of such vast extent have originated? I infer from the stratifications of slate which

I saw in the Dullah Valley that in the case of the Tanganyika tunnel the strata there have been so displaced as to form within a natural pointed arch or a channel underneath the stratification.

Manua did not mention that there were any writings or figures upon the stone, but he described them as black or dark, and as if their surfaces had been made smooth and flat, thereby giving me the idea that they were most probably slate, if not basalt. The natives look on it as an m'zimo or sacred spot.

J. A. GRANT.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PARSON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS SHOWN IN FICTION.

So long as the ideal parson did not interest the ladies he could occupy no leading place in romance. He was necessarily subordinate, or, to excuse giving him a more prominent part, there must be in him an element of the grotesque, low, or ridiculous, which is always less attractive to women than to men. A single change in either of two opposite directions would suffice to alter this. Something of the reproach which hung about the clerical office in George Herbert's time as a "mean employment," which, as he said, made clergymen "meanly valued," still clung to the rustic parson. By sinking the external disabilities of his profession by means of such secularities as easy and polished manners, a coat of fashionable cut, and a general air of knowing the world, the parson might become interesting as any other man; he might show himself as much at home in the drawing-room or ball-room as his predecessor did with pipe and tankard in the tavern. Or he might appeal to woman's spiritual nature as no other man could, and awaken her religious enthusiasm. But in the eighteenth century enthusiasm had an ill name among orthodox divines; and with awkward or pedantic manners, and a garb distinct not only in colour but in form, rusty and snuffy when it was not smug, where even the wig had to be clerical, the parson had no equivalent to offer to the feminine imagination for all the personal attractions which her fancy missed in him. Wesley and his followers, having separated themselves from the Church, had no effect on the society of that day. "Stay in the world," he said to a "professor" who did not go his lengths, "there is your sphere; they will not admit such as me." And though time was working its usual transformations and the clergy were gradu-

ally casting off the trammels of old prescriptions, the counteracting influence of French ideas told on literary society, and religion was unfashionable. Miss Edgeworth, severe moralist as she professed herself, and little disposed to enthusiasm, still shows the Church of her day on its repulsive side. At best, the clergy, in her eyes, are only respectable and humane dispensers of parish relief; they have no share in the thought of the day. When she speaks of professions she does not include the clerical. The clergy stand at the antipodes of progress and enlightenment. Buckhurst Falconer in her most characteristic novel, *Patronage*, has some good in him till he is forced by his necessities into the Church in hope of a fat living, which he loses, however, through too much wit, to the sycophant Sloak. Upon this reverse he is driven to marry the inevitable old maid graced by the epithets "beldam" and "curmudgeon," and is promoted by her bishop brother to a deanery, where he presently acquires a "stomach which knows canonical hours," and a shameless cupidity for the temporalities of his office. The authoress allows to her model heroine "a just and becoming sense of religion," but she is raised by divine philosophy far above all illiberal prejudices. Caroline would certainly never lower these high pretensions by asking questions as to the denomination of her magnificent and perfect Count. Hannah More wrote a novel, and of course has an ideal rector, but he falls into the old deifying strain towards his squire, which is familiar only in books, and apologizes for his loquacity when set upon that theme; while she mentions curates only to keep them, or rather their wives, in their places. Mr. Jackson, to be sure, is a humble, diligent assistant, but his wife has to be reminded that between the higher and lower clergy there are the same distinctions of ranks as with the laity, and is snubbed for her miserable ambition that her daughter's music should excel that of the rector's daughters.

It was left to Miss Austen to invest the English clergyman with charm enough to be a hero. Whatever low views she may be charged with, however her delineations may come short of that ideal priest, that embodiment of self-devotion, sweetness, and austerity which ladies have since achieved, the meed which Mr. Ruskin accords with grudging fairness to Claude is due also to her. She "set the sun in Heaven," she first ventured to make the parson of fiction interesting to the young imagination of her own sex. We are not aware that man or woman had done this before. Even she did

not make this venture at once. In her first novel, *Pride and Prejudice* (written, wonderful to think, at one-and-twenty), she followed a lead. Delightful as Mr. Collins is, he has a touch of Richardson's Elias Brand, and perhaps is nearer caricature than any other of her characters. She wrote for readers who she knew did not care for parsons. Even his coming was not interesting to the more volatile of the sex. The letter which announced him woke no curiosity in Lydia or Kitty. "It was next to impossible that he should come in a red coat, and it was long since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour." Charlotte Lucas, indeed, makes up to him, but in all but age she is the stock old maid viewing in him her only chance. But Miss Austen was essentially an observer. She wrote from what she knew, and the clergy whom she knew were different beings from any she found in fiction. In *Sense and Sensibility* she takes courage and ventures, apologetically as it were, to make the profession attractive, at least to her sensible heroine. Edward Ferrars has not spirit for fashionable life. His temper is serious, his taste literary. He enters the Church because it favours these tendencies and gives him something to do. His brother Robert, one of Miss Austen's fine family of fools, represents the world's sense of his brother's step. "He laughed most immoderately. The idea of Edward's being a clergyman and living in a small parsonage-house diverted him beyond measure; and when to that was added the fanciful imagery of Edward reading prayers in a white surplice and publishing the banns of marriage between John Smith and Mary Brown, he could conceive nothing more ridiculous." She is here satirizing a very common joke of the period. In *Northanger Abbey*, which comes third, she takes a step in advance. Edward Ferrars has a sheepish air with him, but Henry Tilney is a wit, a man of fashion as well as sense, and, though good and amiable, embodies the authoress's own sense of folly and absurdity. She does not feel it to be in the novelist's province to show him in his pastoral character: she combats a prejudice; her object is to prove that a clergyman may be the readiest, best-mannered, most witty and distinguished man of the company, and the most agreeable partner in the world at a country dance. Nothing can be more easy and graceful than his talk with Catherine in the ball-room, nothing more playfully satirical of ball-room manners. The reader may remember his ingenious parallel between a country dance and marriage. And he was manly — as ac-

complished a whip as he was a partner. How happy is Catherine in his curriole, drawing favourable comparisons between him and the inimitable John Thorpe! Henry was never tempted to transgress the decorum of his profession, "yet he drove so well, so quietly, without making any disturbance, without parading to her or swearing at them, and then his hat sat so well, and the innumerable capes of his great coat looked so becomingly important." The picture offends such readers as look in a novel for the support of their own views, but in so far as Miss Austen raised the social clerical standing, she incidentally helped on the social weight of the parson in other things. From the ridiculous to the sublime is a much longer journey than the return route, but this was one step of the way. As years passed on she shows a much keener appreciation of the pastoral office. As a girl she had taken all for granted, but in Edmund Bertram we are shown a clergyman sensitive of duty and setting his calling foremost, not as writers with this aim would do now, but making it clear that it *was* foremost. Miss Austen had no ideal characters. Every portrait is a likeness, not of an individual, but of a class. To set up a model parson would have seemed to her an impossible presumption. To wish her to have done so is as great a mistake as to regret her declining the task of glorifying the House of Coburg.

Except as thus taking the initiative, we can scarcely class Miss Austen among the crowd of fair wielders of the pen who have since taken the clergy under their adoring patronage. The worship is unquestionably on the decline. The fall may be headlong, but feminine sentiment for many a year has found no more congenial theme and object than the high-minded and high-born curate or youthful rector, endowed with all the gifts of nature and fortune, and bent on sacrificing them all in the lowliest service — a sharp contrast of graces and base surroundings only to be figured by Miss Countt's Columbia Market in Shoreditch.

Miss Brontë, too, was a clergyman's daughter, finding in the order attractive subjects for her pencil, though here the parallel stops. A life-long grudge against one clergyman was clearly a main impulse with her in attempting authorship at all. *Jane Eyre* was probably planned to avenge — in her portrait of Mr. Brocklehurst, the directing genius of Lowood — the supposed wrongs of a sister. But in *Shirley* we find her satire more lenient, and even genial. Helmore, the rector, is very much her favorite. His Wellington physiognomy, "his

courage, his power of getting his own way, recommend him to her liking in spite of his having been an indifferent husband to the wife who chose him, while still a curate, out of many admirers, "his office probably investing him with some of the illusion necessary to allure to the commission of matrimony." Miss Brontë was accustomed to see in the clergy, if not always the leading spirits, yet the most generally interesting members, of such society as she knew, and as such she gives them prominence while allowing her humour its freest scope. Her three curates performing their triangle of visits to one another, rushing backwards and forwards amongst themselves to and from their respective lodgings, and wrangling for ever on points of ecclesiastical discipline, are spared in none of their weaknesses; but she nevertheless makes them the eligible *partis* of the young ladies of their joint circle. Little Mr. Sweeting with a Miss Sykes on each side making much of him, with a dish of tarts before him, and crumpet and marmalade on his plate, was happy as any monarch. And though Malone tying his knees together in an inextricable tangle with his handkerchief in the endeavour to make himself agreeable to the heiress fails with her, we are not to suppose him often repulsed. Miss Brontë had little of the feminine sympathy and reverence for the office, but the clergy must necessarily play a conspicuous part in the fiction of women of genius of secluded lives, who have lived where their sway and social supremacy is acknowledged as it is in remote, or at least out-of-the-way, districts. It was not all through good will that they were driven to them. The later works of George Eliot might otherwise make us wonder why the clergy take so conspicuous a lead in her earlier fiction, why her first appearance before the world should have been in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. We may even suppose that the first touch, the impulse which awoke her genius, was given in the study of the clerical character, especially as offering the impulse of religious enthusiasm. In *Janet's Repentance* we have an illustration of the enthusiasm, half for the cause, half for the teacher, for which women have been ridiculed, and which the female novelist has all along pictured, condoned, indulged in, encouraged, caught as a congenial theme, treated with a sympathy which men have no turn for. In this most striking story is a very delicate, tenderly admiring, sympathetic portrait of the young, ardent, and sensitive evangelical clergyman in the early persecuting days, when women alone listened to his teaching and were his first

converts, half through religious conviction, and half through admiration for their teacher and pity for his trials. The opening scene, where a party of women jealous of each other, and so far self-deceivers, widows, old maids (of the early and late autumn varieties), fair young converts, all assembled for pious purposes, sit watching for the arrival of the teacher who had effected such a change in thought and feeling in them all, gave us our first impression of the genius of the writer. While she satirized, there was yet full recognition of the fact that these poor women were under the spell of the best specimen of man that had yet fallen in their way. He was not only young, handsome, and interesting, but he was a revelation to them of nobler motives and a purer life than it had come in their way to dream of before. It was not an illusion; vanity and selfishness were conflicting powers against newly awakened aims and honest longings for better things.

Current literature, as represented by its feminine contributors, still overflows, shall we say, with the clerical element, whether in sympathy or otherwise. We have the *Brave Lady* from one prolific pen, with her worthless, disgraceful clerical husband; we have a long catena of clergymen — curates, rectors, doubters, enthusiasts — from the inexhaustible genius of Mrs. Oliphant, who finds a perpetual stimulus to her invention in the shifting religious problems of the day. Nothing is apparently more exciting to her fancy than the clash and conflict of religion and the world, of the new with the old, inquiry with authority, spiritual zeal with earthly love — nothing she likes better to enlarge upon than the turmoil, the surging sway, of opposing passions in the youthful curate's bosom, his soul in perpetual seething effervescence, his pulse always at fever point; the eager heart for ever looking out of bewildered, questioning, earnest, far-seeing, eloquent eyes. The curate of the day can hardly know himself under these ardent impersonations, but yet he must get to think himself a very fine fellow if he furnishes such a never-ending theme for a pen of no average power.

And, after all, the gravely religious didactic novelist remains, to whom the clerical office presents the only profession where there is absolute freedom of choice. Miss Sewell — wise, judicious, and safe as she is — has an excellent mother, who announces early in the life of her son that if he chooses any other calling than the clerical she shall die, and when he follows bad courses and declines to take orders she is stricken down, not so much, as it seems, because of the bad





courses as because her dedication of him is frustrated. The authoress of this school, however, from mere reverence, often forbears any close delineation, or crowds together so many perfections that the model clergyman is rather a catalogue than a character. A negligent or easy parson is too bad for her canvas; he can only be hinted at as a misfortune in himself, and the cause of that state of disorder and Church decadence which it is the object of the tale to restore to decency or beauty. We do not quarrel with this, but only assign it as the reason why no striking clergyman, none instinct with the characteristic powers of the writers, occurs to us.

This is a large theme. To do justice to the priority of women in this field we have been forced to give her precedence, and even a slight and most inadequate survey of her long labour of love has engrossed all our space. If we enter into the treatment of the parson by man as novelist it must be in a separate paper.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 16 April.
THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

ACCORDING to the last account from France, M. Ollivier made the other day a very complete and very daring misrepresentation of the facts of the present crisis when he announced that M. Buffet having withdrawn his discordant presence from the councils of his august Sovereign, an harmonious Government would at once proceed to carry out that Sovereign's wise and liberal designs. M. Ollivier must have known at that moment that the very existence of the Government was in danger, and that its fate was determinable at any moment by the decision of two opposed men, both of whom were quite out of his control. While M. Ollivier was talking, he was full of this humiliating knowledge: that the Emperor and M. Daru were meanwhile settling the matter between them in their own way. The way in which it has been settled is deplorable. Naturally, we ourselves are not surprised at a result that we foretold long ago, but we regret it nevertheless. It is an enormous misfortune for France that this experiment in constitutional government should be so brief and so hollow. For there can scarcely be a doubt, we suppose, that the play is over. A little while ago M. Daru declared in the Corps Législatif that the Cabinet would stand or fall together. We do not yet know how far this saying has been made good by the

retirement of other members of the Government besides M. Daru and M. Buffet; but, whether or no, that is of no consequence. The Administration has ceased to exist, to all intents and purposes whatsoever. M. Ollivier may remain, but he is not in office—he is in service. M. Ollivier counts for nothing, in fact; and he being set aside, the withdrawal of MM. Daru and Buffet brings the existence of the Government to an end. M. Ollivier may now retire too—it is of no consequence. Or may remain, and serve with M. de la Guéronniere. He may do anything or nothing; but all the same the Government is broken up, and there seems little probability that any such Administration will ever be formed again in the lifetime of the Emperor. By which we mean, any such Administration as it was supposed to be, and as it might have been had the Emperor been as loyal as he tried hard to seem.

It is a fair assumption, perhaps, that these causes were not unconnected with the Emperor's resolution to maintain his ascendancy over law, legislature, and constitution—to assert openly and to hold in the sight of all men, a constitutional right to make revolutions whenever it seems good to him. That he would persistently retain such an ascendancy we have always had and have frequently expressed a confident expectation. Months ago, when all the world was rejoicing in the Emperor's sincere and hearty abnegation of power, and the wisdom that had guided him to a conclusion which did indeed "crown the edifice" of liberties granted to his nation, we declared our conviction that in effect he would never resign that power; and that the Ministry which was to make of him a respectable constitutional sovereign, sitting on a throne that was the tomb of his greatness, was not likely to be permitted to endure long without disturbance from above. This was two months ago; since when the chorus of admiration and gratitude for the Emperor's goodness, and especially his sincerity, has been so loud that we have maintained a nearly unbroken silence as to him and his Government. Now that the illusion has been destroyed and the imposture betrayed, we may have some chance of a hearing once more. Not that we have anything to say on the general subject of all discussion in this matter—the Emperor's "sincerity." He has always been, as he now is, and as he ever will be, a sincere Imperialist, and a sincere believer in the autocratic government of Napoleon the Third. The only insincerity with which we ourselves are disposed to charge him is one

which was really almost pardonable under the circumstances. When he was forced, altogether against his will, to take up the rôle of a constitutional sovereign, and to accept something like parliamentary Government, he pretended that it was all his own work; that he himself it was who had designed the great change; that it was the product and the gift of his own wisdom and magnanimity. That was a pretence, that was insincerity, as plain facts declared at the time; but for a man in his position it was a natural, excusable, even politic pretence, and as such to be pardoned fully. What was forced upon him he could not resist; and he graciously accepted it. But how the pretence could be taken as the truth, and so relied upon, we have never been able to understand. When was Constitutional Government an *idée Napoléonienne*? Never: and never can it be now in the head of Napoleon the Third. If he believe that it would be good for the country that he should give up for good and all his enormous power over it, then he might begin to admit such an idea. If also he could endure to live the last years of his life in dull respectable obscurity, in a Louis Philippean way then the idea might have a yet better chance of existence in his mind. If he did not know that the obscurity which darkened his own days would descend like a pall upon his son, who does not even look like him, then the idea might be less repugnant yet. It would be more readily admissible if he did not feel, as he must, that while as a Prince he is not and never can be, *representative* of Constitutional Government, there are some other French Princes, and very able men too, who are its living embodiments. But none of these things are. And what is supposed to rule France now is Orleanism; what is Liberal in the Cabinet is Orleanist; what is Liberal in the country is Orleanist; and the more Parliamentary Government prevails in France, the more its enlightened, steady, Liberal minds take part in legislation and administration, the more completely and obviously out of place and out of time will be a Bonaparte Sovereign. No. The Emperor will remain Emperor till he dies. Whatever pretexts in the way of machinery he may choose to govern by, govern it he will in his own imperial way. Moreover, late events have shown him that he may take up again with safety his rod and sceptre. He has discovered that Revolution is all but impossible, and that dread of Revolution is still favourable to the only form of Government he can live by — Cæsarian, in one shape or another.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
PHILOSOPHERS AT PLAY.

NEARLY three years ago I had the good fortune to be present at a large meeting of German naturalists and physicians. Possibly, a sketch of the great dinner which then took place may amuse those who are only acquainted with the more sober festivities of a "British Association."

The "Naturforscher und Aerzte" held their forty-first meeting, from the 18th to the 24th of September, 1867, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city rich alike in relics of the past and facts of the present; where dim old gables look down on a turmoil of traffic and commerce; where a few steps take you from the broad "Zeil," with its brilliant shops and plate-glass windows, to the narrow, crooked "Juden-strasse," whose signboards are written in Hebrew, and whose grimy dark houses meet overhead.

The year 1867 found gloom in Frankfort. The glory of independence had vanished from the city with the tripartite garrison of Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians who had once guarded it more from each other than from the outer world. Frankfort was all Prussian now, its wealth laid under heavy contribution to the expense of the war; and bitter, in these early days of annexation, was the hatred borne to the new rulers. The "Association" shared heartily in the general discontent, and mingled politics with science more than is the English custom.

The meetings of the "Versammlung" were held in a convenient building in the centre of the town. Here, in a large hall, the dinner was given on the first day of meeting, Wednesday, September 18th. It began by daylight, as early as half-past four. There was neither ceremony of evening dress nor elegance in the preparations for the feast. Four long narrow tables ran down the room, with flags placed on them inscribed "Botanik," "Chemie," "Zoologie," &c., so that the guests, no less than four hundred in number, might group themselves according to their several sciences. A shorter table crossed the upper end of the hall. Here, in the centre, was the chair of the president, the well-known Dr. Spiess of Frankfort, whom many English have to thank for good advice in the choice of baths suited to their needs. Behind the president's seat was a high desk with a rostrum, from which all speeches had to be made. At the lower end of the hall a strong orchestra and chorus were posted. In another point of difference from English custom, I venture to ascribe "sweetness and light," greater

than our own, to the Germans. It was, as a distinguished American visitor put it, "not a stag dinner." Certainly men were in a very large majority, but the fifteen or twenty ladies present were guests honoured at the table, and not spectators relegated to a gallery. An English lady indeed was seated next the president. All arrangements struck one as of homely style, prepared only for good fellowship and easy enjoyment. No fastidious tastes were to be gratified with snowy linen, jewel-like glass, and delicate flowers; but of good company there was no lack, for the tables were lined with the earnest, clever faces of the men of science, natural and comfortable in their morning dress. We were made to notice that the *cartes* of the dinner were in German, without a word of French. The result was an unintelligible bill of fare; and the "Versammlung" might better have shown its contempt for France in the usual way, by using French words for all the technicalities of cookery, fashions, and dancing.

To every guest at the dinner was given a song-book, compiled for the occasion by Dr. Hoffmann-Donner, who is well esteemed among men of science for his care of a large asylum for the insane, near Frankfort, and popular among children as the author of "Struvel Peter." This "Liederbuch" of his contains about a hundred scientific songs, ranged under various heads, as "Songs for our Forty-first Meeting," "Medicine," "Anatomy and Physiology," "Anthropology, Zoology, Mineralogy," &c., &c. A few songs are taken from Goethe, Kotzebue, and others; a few are in rhyming Latin verses; the most part are written by Hoffmann-Donner and other German savants. The most amusing among them combine science of the Darwin school with a curious extravagance of fun. The technical terms of each science are accurately used, and, indeed, some anatomical songs are too "professional" in detail for translation here.

What earthly good a song-book could be to so intellectual an assembly perplexed us visitors greatly. However, light soon dawned, for the proceedings of the dinner began, after a short speech from the president, with a song of Hoffmann-Donner's, curious in metre and earnestly German in idea, as one verse will sufficiently show:—

In mighty conflict ye may wield your weapons
All ye who differ, for in sooth
Each man should struggle freely and with honour
For that which lives to him; his truth;

But at our feast, bound in fellowship's bands,
Foes shall clasp gladly their reconciled hands.

The tune for this was played through first by the orchestra, then sung by the chorus; but in the last two lines of each verse, to the confusion of our English ideas, the distinguished company lifted up their voices and sang, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for them to do. The song was followed by loud applause, and by the soup. Then Dr. Spiess rose and spoke: "Meine Damen und Herren, if it pleases you we will now sing 'The Gorilla's Lament,' on page eleven of our song-book." No need for the chorus-singers this time. The orchestra played a good old tune, and the Association sang; and be it recorded that we English visitors sang also, between our soup and our second course, all sang, with a fine swing, and shouting with laughter here and there; while any hit which seemed specially to touch any philosopher present was emphasized by the merriment and pointing fingers of his neighbours.

All bright in the moonlight it gleams,

The placid Nyanza Sea;

By the bank, on a stone with thick moss overgrown,

A gorilla reclines mournfully.

So deeply he sighs and he lashes his breast,

And mightily rends he his hair,

His lament now he drones, interrupted with groans,

Right out on the dull midnight air.

"Ah! woe is me! what have I learnt!

In childhood by ignorance blest,

I believed, but in vain, that the prize I should gain,

The monarch of monkeys contest.

Now, urged by the cursed desire to be wise,

I've gained the rebuke of my vanity;

My development ceased, and has left me a beast
An unfinished piece of humanity.

"Oh! what might I not have become—

A poet, an author renowned;

A professor of note, with a star-spangled coat,

'Midst Hofraths and councillors found.

Admitting no peer in diplomacy's wiles

Had I once had a fair opportunity,

At Frankfort I ween, in the Bund I had been

The champion of Fatherland's unity.

"Or else, on the resonant keys,

With thund'ring quadrumanous chords,

I had stormed in grand fashion, like Liszt in his passion,

While an audience enraptured applauded.

As athlete, how would I with muscles of steel

Each foe have confounded and scorned,

Till the crowd shouted round, and my victory crowned,

And with oak-leaves my forehead adorned.

"Du Chaillo, you first of the gang!
 You Darwin, just look out for squalls!
 Carl Vogt, through your preaching and wide-
 spreading teaching
 On me all this misery falls.
 Well, let me but catch you, knights-errant of
 truth,
 All three of you hear what shall hap —
 Your fine skulls I'll dash into splinters, and
 smash
 Your developed brains into a pap!

"One thought alone comforts me still,
 And breathes a sweet peace on my woe,
 From agonized raving, insatiate craving,
 The path of contentment to show.
 No ape to humanity ever attained,
 I endure it as well as I may;
 Not a murmur escapes, for, while men become
 apes,
 A quiet gorilla I'll stay."

This ended, the fish was brought round.
 Such was the plan of the dinner. Between
 fish and meat, between meat and *entrées*,
 between every two courses, came a song in
 chorus or a speech, often indeed both.
 One novel result was that we had time to
 get hungry between the courses, and hailed
 with joy the appearance of every dish. An-
 other consequence, which perhaps only Ger-
 mans would regularly submit to, was that
 after four or five hours we had not got so
 far as the dessert. Can any one imagine a
 large company of Englishmen delaying the
 progress of their dinner thus, or singing
 convivial songs before the first glass of
 wine was finished?

All the toasts of the evening were given,
 not, as here, by the president, but by the
 more distinguished guests, probably in some
 pre-arranged order. Every orator spoke
 from the rostrum; and any gesticulation was
 made dangerous by the need of holding
 steady in one hand the glass of wine, which,
 his speech ended and his toast given, the
 speaker raised on high and emptied. This
 was the signal for enthusiastic applause,
 and a long clash, as each one present clinked
 glasses with both his neighbours, then
 stretched across the table to strike the glass
 of any friend within reach. One significant
 omission showed the political feelings of
 the *Versammlung*. The King's health was
 not proposed, but in its place the "*Stadt
 Frankfurt*" was drunk.

An illustrious visitor was Professor Vir-
 chow, eminent as a physiologist and as a bit-
 ter opponent of Bismarck in the Prussian
 Diet. He made us a fine speech, express-
 ing the hope that our children might enjoy
 a truer liberty than we, a sentiment which
 caused great excitement and some expres-
 sions of disapprobation. Dr. Hoffman-

Donner also mounted the tribune, and was
 received with enormous enthusiasm. At
 the end of his speech a crowd gathered
 round to clink their glasses against his, and
 cheer him again and again.

Thus the dinner went on, interleaved with
 choruses or speeches, growing gradually
 towards an uproar of enjoyment. It was a
 wonderful sight to see those grave, middle-
 aged gentlemen, those intellectual thinkers,
 behaving like veritable boys in their most
 rampant moods; singing, shouting chaff at
 each other, rolling in their seats for very
 merriment; eating, smoking, and drinking,
 as if no more serious pursuits had ever
 troubled their existence. Perhaps only
 Germans have this power of going back at
 will to the feelings of student days; remain-
 ing boys to the end of their useful and ac-
 tive lives.

But, if German enthusiasm seems beyond
 his reach, will the reader consent to emu-
 late German patience, and suffer the prog-
 ress of the dinner to be interrupted by
 more songs?

BIBAMUS.

Behold us assembled, while joy fills each breast,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

The pens and the lancets and knives lie at rest,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

What good that a man should torment himself
 still,

Why this one is well, and why that one is ill;
 Though truth may lie hid from our knowledge
 and skill,

Yet up with you, comrades, bibamus!

The cobbler as well as his shoes must decay,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

The doctors and patients must both pass away,

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If you quietly live or in merry carouse,

All ends in one fashion, as each man allows,
 There waits for us all the same small wooden
 house,

So up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If you drive but one horse, if you sit behind two,

Well, up with you, comrades, bibamus!

Whether honour or knowledge or riches you woo,

Still, up with you, comrades, bibamus!

If in tweed, or in cloth trimmed with rich As-
 tracan,

If by nature a sad or a light-hearted man,
 Keep ever the heart of the boy while you can;

Then up with you, comrades, bibamus!

LINNÆUS-LIED.

Why should the pretty flowers

All mute and silent be?

Why can no song be won from them,

No simple melody?

I asked the first of teachers,
To Martius' self I went;
He said, "In such research I've heard
Of no experiment."

Then ventured I, "Twould surely
Be otherwise, I think,
If, 'stead of endless water showers,
You gave 'em wine to drink.

"That looses tongues right often,
And wakes the power of song;
But, mind you 'custom them to drink,
The test may else go wrong."

"What!" cried the sage, "my cellar
For such a purpose lent?
No, sir, there must a limit be
To all experiment.

"Ourselves drink wine, and often
Scarce round the jug will go;
There's quite enough of singing, and
Of chattering, here below."

So spoke a mighty master.
Students, good reason why,
Will not their wine on flowers pour
Experiments to try.

Geologists and others
Alike decline the test;
So, ever mute the flowers grow,
Unsung their "Themas" rest.

Soon after nine the hall began slightly
to thin. Men had left their first places,
and gathered in little friendly groups to
talk and drink together. More pipes and
cigars were lighted; every man was enjoy-
ing himself to the uttermost, noisily or
quietly, as seemed good to him; but the
dessert stage had not even yet been reached.
Unfortunately I could stay no later, and can
give no evidence how much longer the festi-
vities lasted. It looked rather as if some
few would smoke on there till the "sec-
tions" met the next morning.

I venture to offer one more translation
from the "Liederbuch," begging leave to
make a sincere apology for the inadequate
way in which all my English versions rep-
resent the ease and simplicity of the Ger-
man originals.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRACTICE.

"Take ye the sick world," Esculapius cried
To mortals, "I to mighty Jove ascend;
Let your God-given talents now be tried,
Great nature's secrets learn to comprehend."

Practice brings gold — they listen with a will,
Then to the work all hasten, young and old,
A hundred baths are praised to cure each ill,
And many a spring of water, hot and cold.

The homœopath divides his atoms rare;
Hoff cures more manfully with hops and
malt;
Trudel with lifting up of hands and prayer;
While others heal with brandy and with salt.

The life-awakening essences abound;
Friend Holloway speaks scorn of every ill,
Goldberger's bands electric gird some round,
And all the world is cured with Morrison's
pill.

* * * * *
Rheumatics, medicated cottons cure,
'Gainst pine-tree wool consumption strives in
vain,
A hundred remedies relief procure
For toothache, cramp, and every mortal pain.

But who shall tell the masters and their claims,
The cures miraculous of every ill?
Or who shall count specifics and their names,
Ointment and draught, tincture, and salve,
and pill?

Long had the distribution thus been done,
When very late arrived the true M.D.
But the sick folk were doctored every one
Already — each would say, "I need not thee."

"Shall all have something then, and only I
Be quite neglected, I, thy faithful son?
Thus poured he forth a loud complaining cry,
And flung himself before the Olympian throne.

"Why dost thou silence keep so long? thou
roamer,
Where hast thou loitered?" asked the god
irate.

"Under examination for diploma
Long was I kept; professors judged my fate,

"Testing my knowledge of the human frame,
Of long-stored wisdom learnt through passing
ages;
Life's deepest springs they made me tell by
name,
And weigh the theories of departed sages.

"Knowledge of nature's powers to make my
own
I've diligently sought, this weary while.
Pardon me, striving thus for science alone,
Forgetting, as it seems, the mercantile."

"What can I do?" asked Esculapius; "facts
Accomplished must be borne with: and be-
sides
No god could silence all that crowd of quacks;
So let them boast on while the earth abides.

"Gladly I would advise thee to resign
The earth, and come up here; but man needs
thee;
Thou the certificates of death must sign,
And for the sins of all the scape-goat be."

From The Spectator.

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.*

THE lady who in her old age sat down to indite the two pleasant volumes now included in a cheap form in the Bibliothèque Charpentier, was one of the most successful artists, not to say successful women, the world ever saw. She lived a long life of more than eighty years, dying quite in our time, in 1812. She passed some fifty of these years in painting half the crowned heads in Europe, princes, generals, authors, and beautiful women. She was a member of the Academy of Paris, of St. Petersburg, of Berlin, of St. Luke of Rome, and of various smaller but art-loving cities. She made two fortunes, one of which her husband spent for her, by the other of which she provided comfortably for her old age; M. le Brun and she having amicably retired from partnership. Her life reads like a fairy tale, all full of queens and princes and devoted slaves. Marie Antoinette picked up her brushes when, shortly before the birth of a child, Madame Le Brun had the misfortune to overthrow her box of materials at the royal feet. The Empress of all the Russias sat to her in all her jewels; the Prince Regent of England trotted in and out of her studio while she was in London, until his visits quite shook old Queen Charlotte's nerves. The Comte d'Artois wept with joy to see her in the land of exile. She painted all the good society of France before the Revolution, and during the Emigration; and even took up her brushes after the Restoration, though she was then getting old. She painted Lord Byron and Lady Hamilton, and the Prince Regent and Miss Dillon, and ever so many more, English, Irish, and Americans; six hundred portraits in all, did those indefatigable fingers trace, amidst all the disadvantages of a woman's life, plagued with a difficult husband, a disagreeable step-father, and a daughter who would marry according to her own liking and against her mother's wish. This marriage, and her daughter's death in the prime of life, were Madame Le Brun's great sorrows. But the active, serene old lady outlived them; worked valiantly as long as she could wield a brush; and, retiring to the beautiful wooded heights of Louveciennes, near St. Germain's, died there in the reign of Louis Philippe, and is buried in the village churchyard.

To our generation, Madame Le Brun is chiefly known by her fine portraits in the Louvre. There are two, we believe, in the

place of honour, the *Salon Carré*, and there are two more in the large gallery devoted exclusively to French art; one of which latter is the portrait of herself and her daughter as a child, the little thing affectionately hugging her mother round the neck in a very natural attitude. This picture has been engraved again and again, and can easily be procured by those who wish for a specimen of Madame Le Brun's talent. Two Angelica Kauffmans are in the vicinity, and are very inferior in truth and power.

Madame Le Brun was the only daughter of Louis Vigée, a jolly, popular artist of Louis XV.'s reign. She was born in 1755, and a young brother three years later, whom she describes as being as beautiful as an angel, while she had an enormous forehead, sunken eyes, and a pale, thin face. Something of this physiognomy may be traced in her portrait, though she became a passably pretty woman, with features full of intelligence and vivacity. When she was only thirteen years old she lost her father from a singular and painful cause. He had swallowed a fish-bone, and not all the care of the then famous surgeon Côme, who made repeated incisions in search of the intruder, availed to save his life. The little girl, who had already begun to paint, and who inherited from him the power which was to make her famous, felt the loss cruelly, and for long would not touch her brushes, till Doyen, one of her father's artist friends, persuaded her to set to work again. She began working from nature, made several portraits in pastel and oil, and drew in the evenings with Mdlle. Roquet, an artist a year older than herself, whose father kept a curiosity-shop. Mdlle. Roquet became a member of the Academy of St. Luke of Rome; as for Louise Vigée, she painted so well that she began to be talked of in the artist world; and Joseph Vernet patted her encouragingly and gave her excellent advice. Twenty years later she painted his portrait, which was exhibited at the Louvre.

Now began some very happy and successful years. Mdlle. Vigée became the *mode* in that bright intellectual society of pre-revolutionary Paris, so soon to be swept away. She had access to all the best private as well as public collections, and was an indefatigable copyist of Rembrandt, Van-dyke, Rubens, and Greuze. Of Raphael she says, "I only truly learnt to know him in Italy." Orders for portraits flowed in upon her, and money with them. But the orphaned household rested upon her, and her brother's clothes and schooling also, and in an evil hour her mother remarried, apparently from pecuniary motives only, but of

* *Souvenirs de Madame Vigée Le Brun*. Paris: Charpentier et Cie.

which the folly and sorrow were very soon visible, for M. Le Sèvre took Louise's earnings, and kept the little family at the smallest possible cost; to the violent indignation of Joseph Vernet, who tried to persuade her to pay her stepfather a fixed sum. But, says she, "I was afraid of my mother suffering for it." Still, as Louise cared very little for money, and very much for art, she got on very happily; and became acquainted with various famous people. Madame Geoffrin came to see her, and the Duchesse de Chartres (the wife of Egalité) saw her painting at her window, as she herself was walking with her ladies on the terrace of the Palais Royal, and sent for the young artist, while all the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain followed suit, and petted her in royal company.

So time passed until Louise Vigée was twenty years old, and then a still more unfortunate idea seized her mother, that of marrying her to a certain M. Le Brun, who had a very fine gallery of pictures, and had the reputation of being rich. "Not that he was disagreeable," says she candidly, but "I earned plenty of money, and did not feel any desire to marry." But affection for her mother and dislike of her stepfather appeared to have urged her on, though, as she was going to church, she confesses to having considered within her own mind, "Shall I say yes or no?" It was however, a yes that she uttered, and she became Madame Le Brun; and M. Le Brun, though not disagreeable, was anything but a good husband; he ran after other women, and lost at play, and spent his and her money, and that so effectually that when she emigrated in 1789, she had nothing but the yearly earnings of her brush to count on for the support of herself and her daughter, though she says she had herself earned not less than a million of francs, £40,000.

In the pre-revolutionary years Madame Le Brun saw much of Marie Antoinette, whom she painted many times; and of whom she speaks with the tenderest reverence. There is a pretty anecdote of the Queen ordering a certain large family group to be turned with its face to the wall; and then fearing Madame Le Brun's feelings might be hurt, sending expressly to say it was because the picture contained the portrait of her lost boy (the first Dauphin), and she could not bear to pass it daily.

Of a very different woman, Madame Du Barry, there are also some curious details. Madame Le Brun often went to see her in her retreat at Louveciennes. She was very good to the poor, it seems, but her conversation was anything but lively. Madame

Le Brun painted her three times. She was with her in September, 1789; as the two ladies heard the distant cannonading, Madame Du Barry said, "If Louis XV. had lived, surely all this would not have happened." The poor woman had made a wiser remark if she had said that it would never have happened had Louis XV. *never* lived!

This was about the last tranquil hour of Madame Le Brun in France. In October, seeing everything upsetting around her, and the King and Queen brought to the Tuileries by main force, the curious practical sagacity which so eminently distinguished her character warned her to fly. She left several unfinished portraits, and refused to begin upon that of a beautiful girl of sixteen, who afterwards became Duchesse de Noailles. "Success or fortune were no longer in question; one had only to consider saving one's head." So she said good-bye to M. Le Brun, and packed herself and her little daughter of five or six years old in the Lyons diligence as soon as she could get places, which was not till the close of a fortnight, as all the emigrants were flying by the diligence in like manner. She took nothing with her but her clothes and eighty louis for the journey; which was lucky, as she says her opposite neighbour was a dirty man, who told her he had stolen several watches. Her jewels, her small funds, all remained in her husband's hands, and so far was he from ever sending her any money, that he wrote her the most lamentable letters about his poverty, and she twice sent him relief. His goose with the golden eggs had taken flight.

Madame Le Brun travelled from Lyons to Turin, and thence to Rome. In every town she passed through she was fêted and taken to see all the galleries. At Parma she was presented to Marie Antoinette's sister; at Bologna they made her a member of the Academy; at Florence she ran about from palace to palace in a state of enchantment. "Could I but have ceased to think of that poor France, I should have been the happiest of women."

To Rome and Naples we cannot follow her from want of space; nor to St. Petersburg, where she saw the last days of Catherine II., which she describes very graphically. In 1801 she returned to Paris; but though affectionately received in public and private (M. Le Brun bought a quantity of beautiful new furniture, which she probably paid for), she was so wretched at the changes she found there, and at the absence or violent deaths of all her old gay circle of intimates, that she could not bear it, and having long had a desire to visit London, she set off again in

1803. Her remarks on English society are amusing; and there are little notices of Mrs. Siddons, the Duchess of Devonshire, and the Prince of Wales's wig, which was exceedingly becoming, the hair being arranged like that of the Apollo Belvidere. But, alas! he was about forty years old, and had already become too fat. She speaks with pleasure of a visit to Herschel and his sister, "worthy each of the other by their noble simplicity." She was now fifty years of age, having remained in England nearly three years. But neither her talent nor her energy were yet upon the wane. Enough has, however, been said to show what manner of woman she was, and she may be quoted efficiently by all who are fighting the battle of education and a wider career for her sex. She deserves to be better known in England than she is. Engravings of some of her 600 portraits must doubtless be in the Print Room of the British Museum; and several of her pictures must exist in our private galleries, as she gives a list of twenty-five portraits painted while among us.

She sleeps in her grave in the cemetery of beautiful Louveciennes, where once she listened with Madame Du Barry to the Revolutionary cannonade; and the English traveller who cares to pay it a visit will not regret his day spent in one of the most picturesque environs of Paris, and one which is hardly known to our countrymen who frequent the gay city, though it is but two miles from St. Germain's and four from Versailles.

From The Belgravia.

THE POET MOORE AND HIS WIFE.

BESSY MOORE was another Marianne Kent, and Thomas Moore's nature was quite as sanguine and sunny as Leigh Hunt's. Bessy Moore was a daughter of a Mr. Dyke, an actor on the Irish stage, and Moore fell in love with her while he was acting at a private theatre in Kilkenny, which had been established there by Mr. Richard Power. Bessy Dyke performed repeatedly in 1809 the part of Lady Godiva to Moore's Peeping Tom, and the consequence was that after a short engagement the young couple were privately married in London. Bessy was only eighteen years of age at the time, extremely attractive in person, and of irreproachable character. After their marriage they lived for some time in Bury-street, St. James's, and then removed to Queen's Elm, Brompton. The poet has been accused by some biographers

of neglecting his wife, but the charge cannot, we think, be supported, for every letter of his to her breathes nothing but the most ardent affection, and throughout his life he paid her, as Lord Russell says, "the homage of a lover." Bessy was "all in all" to him, and he was everything to Bessy. Through all the difficulties which beset him towards the latter part of his life she acted as a true and noble wife, and they were never otherwise than a most loving couple. Bessy did not care for the gay world in which Moore so often was found; she knew that he was the life and soul of the brilliant circles in which he moved; and although she declined most invitations herself, from reasons of pride or economy, she was always happy when he went forth to enjoy himself. Let us take two glimpses of Moore from his "Journal" and letters; one exhibits him as the husband and father, the other as a denizen of the *beau monde*. "Walked my dear Bessy for the first time into the garden; the day delightful. She went round to all her flower-beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart. . . . Finished the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to Bessy; we both cried over it. Returned thanks to God most heartily for the recovery of my darling girl, and slept soundly. . . . Walked Bessy in the garden for half an hour. In the evening read her some of a most silly novel called the 'Physiognomist.' Another delicious day; enjoyed it thoroughly. . . . You would have laughed to see Bessy and me in going to dinner. We found in the middle of our walk that we were near half an hour too early for dinner; so we set to practising country dances in the middle of a retired green lane till the time was expired. . . . Barbara [their infant child] is at this moment most busily engaged about a pair of new top-boots, which I have on for the first time since I came from London, and which she is handling and viewing with great admiration. Our cottage is upon a kind of elevated terrace which has no fence round it, and keeps us in constant alarm about Bab's falling over, so that I shall be obliged to go to the expense of a paling. Little Barbara and I rolled about in the hayfield before our door till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow." The man could not be a very bad husband and father, we think, who could write the above. Now for an extract showing him in the other light. "To Mrs. Story's: promised to drive with her to-day. Left them at eight to go to the opera. Went to Lady Lansdowne's box, and found there Lady Davy,

Mrs. Orde, and the Duc de Dalberg. Lord L. himself afterwards came to Lady Farquhar's to make my excuse for not calling this morning. . . . Breakfasted with Lord John," &c. It is very plain to see that if Moore shone in society, he also loved his home and wife and children. A more loving, devoted, or suitable wife than Bessy Moore it would be difficult to find. She and Marianne Hunt are fair specimens of what a poet's wife ought to be. They were both loving and gentle women — not too clever, but quite capable of understanding the genius of their husbands, and of binding them closer and closer to them by the very tenderness and sweetness of their natures.

[From The Britannia.
LITERATI AND LITERATULI.]

THAT the profession of literature has entirely changed from what it formerly was; that the character which it once had it can only be considered to bear now by a gross anachronism; that the elements of uncertainty and chance which imparted to it in the old days so strong a savour of romance, somewhat squalid though that romance occasionally was — these are the natural results of what has been already said. Charles Lamb would never have said of literature as a profession at the present day, what, in one of his biographical soliloquies, he said of it in his own. If a man presents the proper qualification for the work, it is his own fault if he does not make, by his pen, as steady an income as he could by any other honest industry. If young men, who have no proper qualifications, rush into the literary arena, expecting by a wave of their pen to convert a pile of scribbling-paper into a *rouleau* of bank notes, and find themselves disappointed, they have but themselves to blame. Because the *impedimenta* and apparatus of the artist who works on canvas are more tangible and material than those of the artist who works in words, the

business of the former does not require more of patient preparation and of technical education than of the latter. If ambitious aspirants would only take this truth to heart, and inscribe it indelibly on the mindful tablets of their memory, they would save themselves many a heartache. There are circumstances under which the words of the great satirist are egregiously false: —

“*Stulta est clementia, quum tot ubique
Vatibus occurrae, periturae parcere chartae.*”

If the purely literary influences of the immense increase in the numbers of the reading public cannot be said to be wholly matter of congratulation, it is otherwise with the social influences of the change. It is not merely that there are far larger sums invested annually in the literary market, but there is a greater regularity in literary payments than there ever was. Financial improvidence has no surer foster-parent than uncertainty of receipts. Grub-street is swept from off the surface of the earth; Bohemianism is in reality extinct. It is true, the attempt is made in certain quarters to revive its tradition, but the attempt is a practical failure, and squalor, impecuniosity, and chronic intoxication are no longer regarded as the certain attributes of genius. The reign of the tavern has been superseded by the more humanizing influences of the club. Men of letters are not regarded as a class of beings with an innate and insuperable objection to don a dress coat, and a shabby exterior is not considered the chartered privilege of the disciple of the *ingenue artes*. A very eminent critic very acutely observes, that State recognition is the sure guarantee of the social elevation of any profession, and one of the reasons that the representatives of literature stand so well with society generally is, that they also stand well with the high officers of State. If journalism may be regarded as the symbol of the alliance between literature and the State, it must also be regarded as the symbol of the social amelioration of the representatives of literature.

A NOVELTY is announced in black-edged or mourning note-paper. The new design consists of what is known as an Oxford frame, as a substitute for the ordinary black border. The effect is certainly an improvement upon the older style, which always looked hideous.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have just ready for publication “Four Lectures,” by Keshub Chunder Sen, edited by Miss Sophia Dobson Collet. They will be followed by a further selection of the *Bramo Somaj* Tracts, and an historical sketch of that sect.

From The Spectator.
THE END OF THE PARAGUAYAN EXPERIMENT.

LOPEZ has fallen; dying, as he said he would, fighting hard for his own power and the independence of Paraguay. He was offered his life on condition of surrender, but refused, sent away his mistress to some position of safety, but himself held out, "and so," say the Brazilian accounts with curt brutality, "he was killed." A very great experiment, perhaps the greatest, as it was certainly the most original, experiment ever made in the civilization of savage races, has come to an untimely end. With the life of the Dictator, the existence of Paraguay as a separate and visible State, with institutions, customs, and national life of its own, has terminated. The Paraguayans can never have numbered above two hundred thousand arm-bearing males, three-fourths of them are believed to have fallen in battle or from disease during the war, and it must be years before the feeble remnant can be expected even to menace the government which the slaveholding empire will impose upon them. We question greatly whether Brazil, exhausted as she is by her contest with the sinewy little State, her finances all disorganized, her trade at a stand, her alliances uncertain, and her regiments filled with many-coloured conscripts marched from the interior in fetters, intends to abandon Paraguay, or to surrender a position like Humaita, which places the control of the Plate almost in her hands. The hunger of slaveowners for territory knows no limit, they dread the neighbourhood of free republics, they must insist for their own safety on the rendition of fugitives, and it would not surprise us to hear that as a first result of the "peace," Brazil and the Confederation were engaged in an internecine war. Rio will want to see some "material results" of the struggle, and as there is little in Paraguay to carry away except its people, who would be useless as slaves, the country itself will probably be turned into a Brazilian province, the result which President Sarmiento is said to have always dreaded. Even, however, should the Brazilians retire, the national life of Paraguay has, we fear, come to an end, for it was built upon an idea which there is no one left to apply. That idea is not patriotism, — though the Guaranis may have entertained a pride of race which operated as an equivalent, — nor devotion to a family or a chief, nor even the love of freedom, — though Lopez used the danger of captivity to excite his people, — but the righteousness of implicit obedience to the ruler as

the highest of moral duties. The idea had been instilled by the Jesuits as the easiest method, or even the most righteous method, of securing at once their own power and the civilization of their disciples; had been invested with all the sanctions of religion and all the terrors of the law, and had been strengthened by a discipline probably organized by some great but forgotten governing mind among the priesthood; had been seized by Francia as his instrument of power, and had for nearly a century been entirely and, as it would appear, cordially accepted by the people. To keep it intact they had been isolated, and a system of government devised which rendered disobedience almost the solitary crime. Much has yet to be revealed of the internal order of Paraguay, but from all that has reached Europe it would seem that under the Missions, Francia, the elder Lopez, and the Dictator who has just been slain fighting, the one grand crime in Paraguay has been disobedience; that every other has been visited leniently, but this has been treated and regarded as treason in its highest sense, an impious breach of divinely appointed order, a crime deserving not only death, but torture. No matter how trifling the order or how grave, — for, grave or trifling, it was equally the order of "the Supreme." Half the atrocities attributed to Lopez, before the approaching failure of his projects had so brutalized him, were executions ordered to keep up this idea, as under the pressure of misery, defeat, and hunger it began to crumble away. It was the idea of organization from above carried to its logical extreme, as it was also, we conceive, in Peru under the Incas, where all society formed, as it once did also in Egypt, an industrial army, labouring, cultivating, fighting, dividing and redividing its fields, building endless lengths of narrow road, erecting wide cities, conquering new provinces all at a signal given from above. French socialists have always sighed for some such scheme, the same idea dominates the thinkers who, like Mr. Greg, insist on a law-regulated slavery as essential to the industrial civilization of negroes, and certainly its results in Paraguay were extraordinary. A savage tribe was welded into an army incapable of a breach of discipline, which unlike the Sepoy army needed no white coercion, which was filled with men who bore all things and dared all things as the order reached them, who rose to heroism or self-sacrifice, or in many cases intelligence, through obedience alone. The instrument had been perfected, and to the last it worked, till a State no bigger than Glasgow

defied an empire, and its ruler, after his country had perished, and his army had been destroyed, and all his promises had been falsified, still found Paraguayans to die around him as Scotchmen are proud of their fathers having died around James V. at Flodden. That a man so situated should be a "tyrant" was inevitable. His *raison d'être* was the assumed righteousness of tyranny. He was bound to punish as Nature punishes, inevitably, pitilessly, without reference to the position, or the services, or the goodness of the sufferer; to slay the learned who opposed him as water would slay Huxley if immersed in it; to torture his own brethren if they braved him, as rheumatism would torture them if they braved malaria; to imprison the good who assailed the State as a crevasse would imprison a saint if he fell into it. No such power can justifiably belong to a human being; but Francia, Lopez the First, and Lopez the Second all had it, and used it as pitilessly as if it were really a power forced on them by Nature. That such tyranny succeeded we all see in the identity between the life of the last Dictator and that of Paraguay, and if he who so succeeded was, as his assailants say, a vulgarly selfish brute, so much the keener its suggestiveness of what such power might accomplish in good hands; how rapid in the presence of an idea so potent might be the march, not only of civilization, but of moral and even intellectual progress. Imagine the modern Greeks obeying a great and wise ruler as the Paraguayans obeyed Francia and Lopez. We English are so accustomed to believe that intellectual progress *must* result in individualism, because it does so result with us, that we can hardly even consider the hypothesis we have put; but that is not the conviction the world has obtained from its experience of armies. The educated soldier still obeys, and it seems, if unlikely, still not impossible that a society educated, say up to the level of English captains of engineers, should hold discipline as valuable as they do, and apply it on wider fields. Is it quite inconceivable that there should ever be a State in which every individual should be a fit comrade for the Royal Engineers, yet in which discipline should be as all-powerful and as cordially accepted as for generations it has been in that body? Paraguayan society was like that, with a lower ideal, and it was at least strong, as much greater societies, say for example that of China, are not strong.

In the great war of invasion which now for three centuries the white races of West-

ern Europe have carried on with the races of a darker hue — a war which has covered and modified the world, and which we at least do not believe to have yet ended — one melancholy feature is the intolerable sameness of the means employed to secure ascendancy. Slavery, extermination, non-interference; those three words sum up all schemes yet tried. No race has ever fairly tried to organize after conquest. The Spanish idea of governing its subject-peoples, scores of separate races in all gradations of culture, has been to reduce them to slavery for private advantage. Not only have they never risen to the idea of subjugating them for their own benefit — that was perhaps too much to expect, though it floated before Las Casas — but they have never subjugated them for the benefit of the collective State. The first Viceroy could have done anything with Peru, had they only maintained the organization created by the Incas, could have reaped inexhaustible wealth for Spain while carrying on the work their predecessors had unconsciously begun. The Anglo-Saxons have tried all three courses, — extermination in Australia and North America, slavery in the Southern States, non-interference in India; but with their wonderful variety of opportunities, they have never fairly tried organization. They had a chance when the Sepoy army was founded such as has seldom been given to man. Nothing would have been easier than to make the Army a caste, filled by conscription, with obedience for its central moral idea, an idea which, as the caste bond, would have been maintained to the death; but of course they obeyed their instincts, and tried their own system of individualism, and so, amidst an anarchy of purposeless and useless massacre, they failed. We do not know that the contrary system would have succeeded, though it turned Thugs into useful members of society, for our own belief, so far as we have a belief in the matter, is that the ultimate instrument through which Europe will accomplish all she needs in the East and Africa, is the instrument employed by Nature, — the despotism of beneficent, but resistless and "cruel" laws; but this we do know, that every such experiment is a great gain; that Paraguay was an original one, and that its end, whether to the vulgarity of Lopez's genius, or the ambitious bloodthirstiness of Brazil, or the lazy anarchy of the West, which, had it been capable of five minutes' agreement, could have enforced its decree both at Rio and Assuncion, is an event to be lamented.

From Temple Bar.
ROME IN WINTER.

THE famous Queen Christina of Sweden, who threw away a Protestant Crown in order to have full liberty to do as she liked with her own personal allotment of life, and, amongst other things, to become the pet of popes, cardinals, and monsignori, used to declare that she could not live unless she breathed the air of Rome. "*Tutti gusti son' gusti*," say the Italians, and it is only some such adage that will explain that strange instance of royal perversity. Perhaps it was feminine wilfulness—how irritated would Christina have been, had anyone intimated, in her hearing, that there was anything feminine about her!—which urged her to express her passionate love for the Eternal City in language which unquestionably is extravagant, and is, in a sense, paradoxical; for it is no easy matter for a foreigner to exist long in Rome. Think, then, of a child of the far snowy North, a royal maiden from the icebergs of the Baltic, turning lizard, and living in one of the cracks of Rome's ruinous walls! Verily, however, she had her reward. In life she contradicted everybody, and dying, she was buried in St. Peter's. Of only two other women can that be said.

What she meant, however, and what she really felt, was what thousands and tens of thousands before her and since have felt likewise. Her exaggerated exclamation did but testify to the fact, that Rome possesses a charm which, though common, more or less, to the whole of Italy, but to no other country, may be predicated only in the highest degree of Italy's historic capital. It is the charm which makes one loth to leave it—it is the charm which compels one to return. Even when one is there, and has been there long, and there are good and alluring reasons to lead one away, and one is growing tired of—no, not tired of, for that is scarcely it, but oppressed by—the ruins, the stagnation, the sepulchral death-in-life of the place, and has thoroughly made up one's mind to go, one goes unwillingly. To compare Rome, in any respect, with one of Horace's maidens may seem inapt; but many a time, when within those immemorial walls, have I thought of his pretty picture of the girl who withdraws the hand she wishes to be retained, or—as the idea has been paraphrased in English verse—

"Go," she said; but tightened finger
Said, articulately, "Stay!"

Rome acts thuswise in a less lively and more intangible manner. As long as you are set-

tled, and have no thought of striking your tents, it would be impossible for any city to give you the idea of more utter indifference on its part as to your coming and going than Rome. How could it enter the head of the most vainglorious man to imagine that the sepulchre of the centuries was affected, one way or the other, by his puny presence or imperceptible absence:—

"Upon such a shrine
What are our petty griefs?"

Are our joys any more important? Not one bit. Every man is a stranger in Rome. It does not belong to him; it belongs to nobody. It matters not whether a Pope Pius or a King Victor nominally holds it; it must always in reality be neutral territory. This is what everybody must feel, who feels at all, whilst he is in Rome. But only till he is resolved to quit it. Then the cold stone ruins, then the prone unsympathizing columns, then the stony abstracted aqueducts, then the torpid ivy-clothed vaults and arches, seem of a sudden to change their character, and reproachfully to address the beholder. How can he go? they seem to ask. Why does he leave? Will he find anything, the whole world through, to match them? Where can he sit and meditate in such silent sunshine as on one of the wall-flower-covered benches of the Coliseum? Where can he be melancholy "only for wantonness," so well as in that wilderness of fallen architecture, the Baths of Caracalla? Where does the sod heave with the birth of profuser flowers than in that Campagna which those only call dreary who know it not? These questions seem almost audibly addressed to the stranger on the eve of his departure. But he goes; and perhaps without a precious draught, in the moonlight, of the water of that Fountain of Trevi which is said to have the power to bring back to Rome all who have thus tasted of it. It matters not; he will return, or want to return, all the same. This virtue of the Fountain of Trevi is a fable, and it has by some lucky chance appropriated the reputation of power which belongs to the more potent wizard, a portion of whose machinery alone it is. One may have abused, indeed, almost cursed, Rome while yet one of its denizens, for its manifold annoyances and inconveniences; for its irregular post, for its lack of books and newspapers, for its dirt, its bigotry, its defiant obstructiveness. But when one is away from it, one forgets all that; and the question uppermost in the mind is, "When shall I visit it again? Next year?—the year after?—or ever?" Let no one, therefore,

hope or fear to satisfy his cravings for a sight of Rome by seeing it. It is only when one has seen it, that one knows its interest to be inexhaustible.

How is it best approached! That is a question worth asking, since first impressions go for much. But is there much choice? Remember there are thirteen gates, and therefore, apparently the choice is considerable. Practically, however, there are but three different approaches. There is the one from the old highroad to Civita Vecchia—there is the one from Florence—there is the one from Naples. By the first, you make your entrance into the Eternal City through the Porta Cavalleggeri, a gate designed by Sangallo; and one of the first objects you see is St. Peter's. You next will see the Castle and Bridge of Saint Angelo, and the Tiber running between ill-defined banks. Choose not that mode of introduction to Rome, unless you wish to be disappointed. It was mine many years ago, and I have always regretted it. The second will bring you to your bourne by the Via Cassia, or the Via Flaminia; and in the first event, you will have the satisfaction, during the last stage of your journey, of beholding on your left the site of ancient Veii, and of being prepared by various vestiges of former habitations for the ample store of ruin the city itself will lay before you. Travelling by either of these two roads, you will reach the Ponte Molle, and be whirled during the last long mile between two high walls. Furthermore, though a famous obelisk will greet your gaze as you pass under the Porta del Popolo and find yourself in Rome at last, you will see only its more thriving modern quarter, and observe nothing to remind you that your tread is on an empire's dust. It is for these reasons that I strongly advise all who for the first time hasten with trembling footsteps to the city of the Cæsars and the Apostles, to try to gain their first impression of it as it used to be gained in the old days when, before railways were known to Papal territory, visitors coming up from Naples were carried over the Campagna halfway, so to speak, between the gigantic ruins of the Claudian aqueduct and the far-stretching tombs of the Appian Way. Then it is that your soul rises to the occasion, silences the cicerone who would tell you, "Here is, or was," where all is doubly night, and surrenders itself to the surrounding desolation and grandeur, impotent to utter, and unwilling to be told, what is felt in its innermost recesses at such a moment. You pass under the unpretending gateway, flinging a divided gaze at the

huge curving walls that run right and left, and which seem like a planless mosaic put together during countless generations, and you find yourself in the presence of the Church of the Lateran—the Universal Basilica, as they call it—and of masses of masonry that once were palaces, temples, baths, to which you have not yet learned to give their proper name. Yet the nameless ruins beat the Church with the high-sounding title, and you already feel, what you will feel much more keenly when you have been in Rome some time, that Paganism here still kills Christianity.

Such speculations, however, will now for the time be suppressed by the stern necessity, which rules in Rome as elsewhere, of providing yourself with comfortable quarters. Hotel life in the Eternal City is of neither the best nor the worst; and what best there is, is not to be had cheaply. But apartments offer, for most people, but a poor alternative. Though this is not the place to praise one hotel above another, it may properly be said that the pleasantest apartments are to be had in the higher portion of the visitors' quarter—in the Trinità de' Monti, in the Via Sistina, Via Felice, Via Gregoriana, and Via Capo le Case. If your quest be privacy, you will be lucky to obtain what you require in this limited area. When that has been done, you will, perhaps, be surprised to find that dinner cannot be cooked on the premises. How, then, will you ever get it at all? Between the hours of four and seven every evening you will see men carrying large tin cases on their heads, and ascending with them the various staircases of the houses where visitors for the winter most do congregate. Those tin cases, or baskets, contain each a family dinner. It will, perhaps, be thought that the result must be a cold or, at least, a lukewarm meal. That terrible danger is carefully provided against. Inside the tin case is a brazier filled with charcoal; and so skilfully trangled is this heating apparatus that dinner always is, or, at least, always may be, served smoking hot. And is it good, even in that condition? Well, one must not be too critical. When you are in Rome, you must do more or less as Romans do; and Romans are not such incorrigible gourmets as Londoners or Parisians. There is rather a want of variety in their dishes, though you will taste what, perhaps, you never tasted before—wild-boar, hedgehog, and porcupine. And wash down your food, if you can, with the wine of the country. It is cheap, it is generous, it is wholesome. Even the "*vile Sabinum*," which Horace humbly boasted

was all he had to offer to a prime minister by way of inducement to a rural visit, is not amiss; but richer native juice of the grape is not wanting, whilst the French and Portuguese wines you are accustomed to at home are in Rome monstrously dear and execrably bad. Just stop short of being an epicure, and you will do very well. There are no such suppers to be had now among the Seven Hills as shed a lustre round the learning of Sallust, and found a vent for the opulence of Lucullus. Persian apparatus will be absent from the board; but, after all, you did not come to Rome to eat, and be waited on by powdered flunkies, and by degrees you will, perhaps, get to like this Roman simplicity. I know a personage of some importance who has made his home many years in Rome, and who declares that when he comes to England, our magnificent domestics frighten him; but the man must be cast in a very conventional mould whose appetite deserts him because John Thomas is conspicuous by his absence, and the crockery bears no monogram on the rim.

Creature comforts once provided for, the new visitor to Rome will stand perplexed as to which particular object of interest should first demand his attention. A wise counsellor would advise him not to be in a hurry to see anything—that is to say, not anything in particular. Let him strive to comprehend the whole first, and only afterwards descend to the parts of this wonderful city. Once upon a time folks used to climb the winding steps of the Capitoline Tower, which surmounts a grand mass of masonry of the Republican period; and thence obtain a panoramic view of the Seven Hills, of the principal ruins, of the myriad churches, of the meanderings of the Tiber, of the vast Campagna, of the situation of Frascati, Tivoli, and Albano. But no one may ascend that tower now. A lover of liberty, more enthusiastic than discreet, once took advantage of a visit to that conspicuous summit to plant thereon the Italian tricolor, and left it defiantly waving over the Campidoglio, in the face of pope, cardinals, and conservators. That one fact of amiable folly closed the staircase for evermore; just as the Crypt of St. Peter's, to which admittance was denied at the period of the last Garibaldian incursion, on the plea that the red-shirts wanted to blow up the dome, the vast and wondrous dome, into the air, still lies under that prohibition, though all pretext for maintaining it has passed away. Still, never mind. The Tower of the Capitol is not the only high place in Rome, not the sole spot from which you can survey what remains of the greatest city of the

earth. I am sorry to say that the Circus Maximus is now the abode of the company which supplies Rome with gas, for it is in its direction that you must wend your way if you want to obtain elsewhere what jealous Roman censorship now refuses at the Capitol. Out of the Via de' Cerchi, which runs between the Circus Maximus and a portion of the Palatine which is known as the Vineyard of the English College, is an entrance, through a small unpretending door, to a stupendous pile of ruins. The door has a gimlet-hole in it, through which is passed a string; take hold of the string and pull, and the result will be the ringing of something which for courtesy's sake, we will call a bell—such are the primitive pulleys and general arrangements which now prevail in the Palace of the Cæsars; the door will be opened, and then, ascending a flight of steep steps, you will find yourself again in the open air, and at the base of a huge hill of architectural débris. You will want to get to the top of it. There is nothing to prevent you. By dint of a little searching you will find the due approaches to the very summit of the place, and then you will forget that you are standing on the roofless pavement of one of the rooms of Nero's Palace, by being lost in wonder and delight at the magnificent prospect opened out before you. What does it matter whether Heraclius ever made the spot inhabitable again six centuries after Nero had shared a tyrant's fate? What does it matter whether it was here or not that Seneca bled to death in a bath? Tell that chattering cicerone to begone, and leave you to solitary meditations amid the beautiful and prodigious wreck of departed centuries. When you are sated with the feast thus spread before you, you will not do amiss to continue your journey among this ruinous quarter of the Eternal City as far as the baths of that Antonine who owed to a Spanish cloak his better-known name of Caracalla. There too, after long wandering amongst prostrate columns, underneath imperfect arches, over uneven pavements of splintered mosaic, you can mount to the very height of one of the massive pillars of the Cella Callidaria, tenanted only by the flowers that grow and the birds that build in the cracks of hoary masonry. Here were found in the sixteenth century the Venus Callipyge, the colossal Flora, the Farnese Hercules, and urns, bas-reliefs, and bronzes, which of themselves would form a respectable catalogue. Perhaps, though, you will care rather to remember that it was here Shelley used to come and compose. Perhaps you will prefer to remember nothing, to think

of nothing, but only to recline in the sun, and look out to the Sabine Hills. You will, however, in any case have to rouse yourself at last; and from either or both of these two points I have named, you can, map in hand, make yourself acquainted with the topography of the ruinous side of Rome. But you should complete it by obtaining a bird's-eye view of that portion of the city which cannot be called Rome ruinous. For this purpose you must cross the Tiber, push on beyond St. Peter's, and scale the precipitous steps which lead to Saint Onofrio. It is worth visiting, if only because Tasso died there. You must gain admittance to the garden of the convent — no difficult matter — and from a point which will be indicated to you by one of the monks, or which, indeed, you may readily find for yourself, you look down on a city and surroundings that have no superior on the score of beauty, save such as are to be seen at Florence.

I think an acquaintance commenced in such a manner will lead the stranger never to tire till he has visited each and every of the ancient monuments, and each and every of Rome's more modern features, which he has thus surveyed *en masse*. He will have abundant choice in his mode of visiting them. He can visit them alone, in student fashion, and with book in hand. He can visit them with sympathizing friends. He can visit them in company with an intelligent crowd, under the guidance and tuition of the British Archeological Society. This capital institution will provide him with weekly lectures bearing on Rome's various remains, followed by instructive visits to the particular ruins illustrated in the lecture; and with the assistance of such guides as a Mr. Parker or a Mr. Hemans, he will soon find himself familiar with the story and art-aspects of every bit of ruined aqueduct, temple, and palace within the Seven Hills. Should his taste lead him to explore churches, and be present at their ceremonies, what a surfeit awaits him! Not a day passes but some place of worship or other — and usually one that has an undying interest attached to it by history — invites the believing and the curious alike to be present at its masses, its vespers, its forty hours, its stations of the cross. I cannot wax enthusiastic over these; but I comprehend the condition of those who do; and I name them as among the various entertainments — using that word in its largest sense — offered by the Pope's capital. When the Pontiff himself assists at any of these ceremonials, the attraction is immeasurably increased; and we uncompromising defenders of Protestant liberties, who are loud at home in

our denunciations of Popery, cannot resist, when once in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, endeavouring to see as much of it and its occupant as we possibly can.

But if ruins and churches were all that Rome had to hold out as baits to the leisured families and classes of other lands, I do not think they would troop thither in such crowds as they do. It is because the temptations are so numerous and so diverse that it is the most highly prized of all winter-quarters for the rich and the unoccupied. To ruins and churches, we must add almost endless picture-galleries, miles of museums, and acres of statuary. Thereto must we join a climate generally exquisite, though it will sometimes happen, as in the case of the winter just past, that the visitor is in this respect disappointed. It may, however, safely be asserted, that under no circumstances is there ever a winter at all, in the sense in which we understand that word in England. There may be much rain, but there will probably be little; and if you are lucky, you will have abundant sunshine, glorious skies, and mild temperature. But what are all these if you cannot dance and ride? Now, these are just the two things that can be indulged in at Rome without any ascertainable limits. There are scores of people who go back to Rome winter after winter, drawn thither only by these twin inducements. They know the ruins and churches by heart, and they are tired of them. Perhaps these never really awakened their interest. But they will ride all day, and dance all night, and never grow tired of those. Society at Rome, whether fixed or fleeting, is eminently a dancing society. There is not much interchange of social courtesy between the Romans and the annual foreign visitors to their city. They both dance; but they dance apart. One exception, however, must be named. There are young Romans who are overwhelmingly noble, but lamentably poor; and there are dazzling young women from a famous Republic, in the possession, or with the expectation, of large fortunes — and between these two antipodean races there would seem to be the strongest matrimonial sympathy. It is a case of unlike to unlike. A famous title and an encumbered property require a little assistance; and a New York beauty desires to mate herself with a mediæval stock. This much will suffice to show that in Rome, as elsewhere, dancing promotes marrying and giving in marriage; and does not that form yet one more claim to popularity?

But the rides round Rome constitute the amusements whose charms, perhaps, endure

the longest. Round Rome I say; but, in truth, the surrounding Campagna is as much Rome as the city itself. You may ride, and ride, but you will never ride beyond the ruins. Tombs are the only mile-stones; and you seem to be galloping over a huge churchyard, where the turf is soft and undulating, where sorrow has laid its dead, and where piety and nature have planted flowers. For in the spring the uncultivated Campagna is a garden, and the desert truly smiles. Anemones and crocuses dapple the ground — indeed, they do not dapple, they hide it. You get off your horse, and gather a bright posy. Lucky you if you can then and there make it a love-gift! And almost every girl who visits Rome seems to ride; and you meet the fair Amazons of England on the site of Fidenæ,

beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or returning, flushed and beautiful, from scouring the grassy interspaces which break up the cork-woods of Monte Mario. Surely here is choice enough. It is a common complaint, and perhaps not an unjust one, that life at home is somewhat monotonous, and that one has no choice but of a monotony of work or a monotony of idleness. If you can, then, go to Rome for a winter, and find infinite variety. The student, the lover of art, the archæologist, the dilettante, the earnest researcher, the flirt, the equestrian, the hagiologist — all will find in Rome a field for their energies. Not to have seen Rome is scarcely to have lived. To have seen it is to bind oneself by a silent vow to see it again.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

I.

Will it pain me then for ever,
Will it leave me happy never,
This weary, weary gnawing of the old dull pain?
Will the sweet yet bitter yearning,
That at my heart is burning,
Throb on and on for ever, and for ever be in vain?

II.

O weary, weary longing!
O sad, sweet memories thronging
From the sunset-lighted woodlands of the dear
and holy Past!
O hope and faith undying!
Shall I never cease from sighing?
Must my lot among the shadows for evermore
be cast?

III.

Shall I never see the glory,
That the Christ-knight of old story,
Sir Galahad, my hero, saw folded round his
sleep?
The full completed beauty,
With which God gilds dull duty,
For hearts, that burn towards heaven from the
everlasting deep,

IV.

From the conflict ceasing never,
From the toil increasing ever,
From the hard and bitter battle with the cold
and callous world?
Will the sky grow never clearer?
Will the hills draw never nearer,
Where the golden city glitters, in its rainbow
mists imperaled?

V.

Ah me! that golden city!
Can God then have no pity?
I have sought it with such yearning for so many
bitter years!
And yet the hills' blue glimmer,
And the portals' golden shimmer
Fade ever with the evening, and the distance
never nears!

VI.

O weary, weary living!
O foemen unforgiving!
O enemies that meet me on the earth and in the
air!
O flesh, that clogs my yearning!
O weakness aye returning!
Will ye never cease to trouble? Will ye never,
never spare?

VII.

Will my soul grow never purer?
Will my hope be never surer?
Will the mist-wreaths and the cliff-gates from
my path be never rolled?
Shall I never, never win it,
That last ecstatic minute,
When the journey's guerdon waits me behind
the hills of gold?

VIII.

Alas! the clouds grow darker
And the hills loom ever starker,
Across the leaden mist-screen of the heavens
dull and grey!
Thou must learn to bear thy burden,
Thou must wait to win thy guerdon,
Until the daybreak cometh and the shadows flee
away!

St. Pauls.

J. P.